WIN A 73-INCH MITSUBISHI HDTV!

8 FREE VALENTINE CARDS INSIDE!

HUSTLER®

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

MARCH 2008

BARBI TWINS

INTERVIEW AN ANIMAL RIGHTS "TERRORIST"

HOWARD STERN'S FAVORITE COMIC LISA LAMPANELLI

END OF THE WORLD?

SPECIAL REPORTS ON

GLOBAL WARMING

* George Monbiot
* Harry Walsh

INSIDER PICS

CARIBBEAN

SEX

RESORT

DANCING WITH THE STARS'

KARINA SMIRNOFF

BUTT NAKED

GROUPIE QUEEN

PAMELA DES BARRES TELLS ALL

VALENTINE'S DAY ISSUE!

COVERGIRL

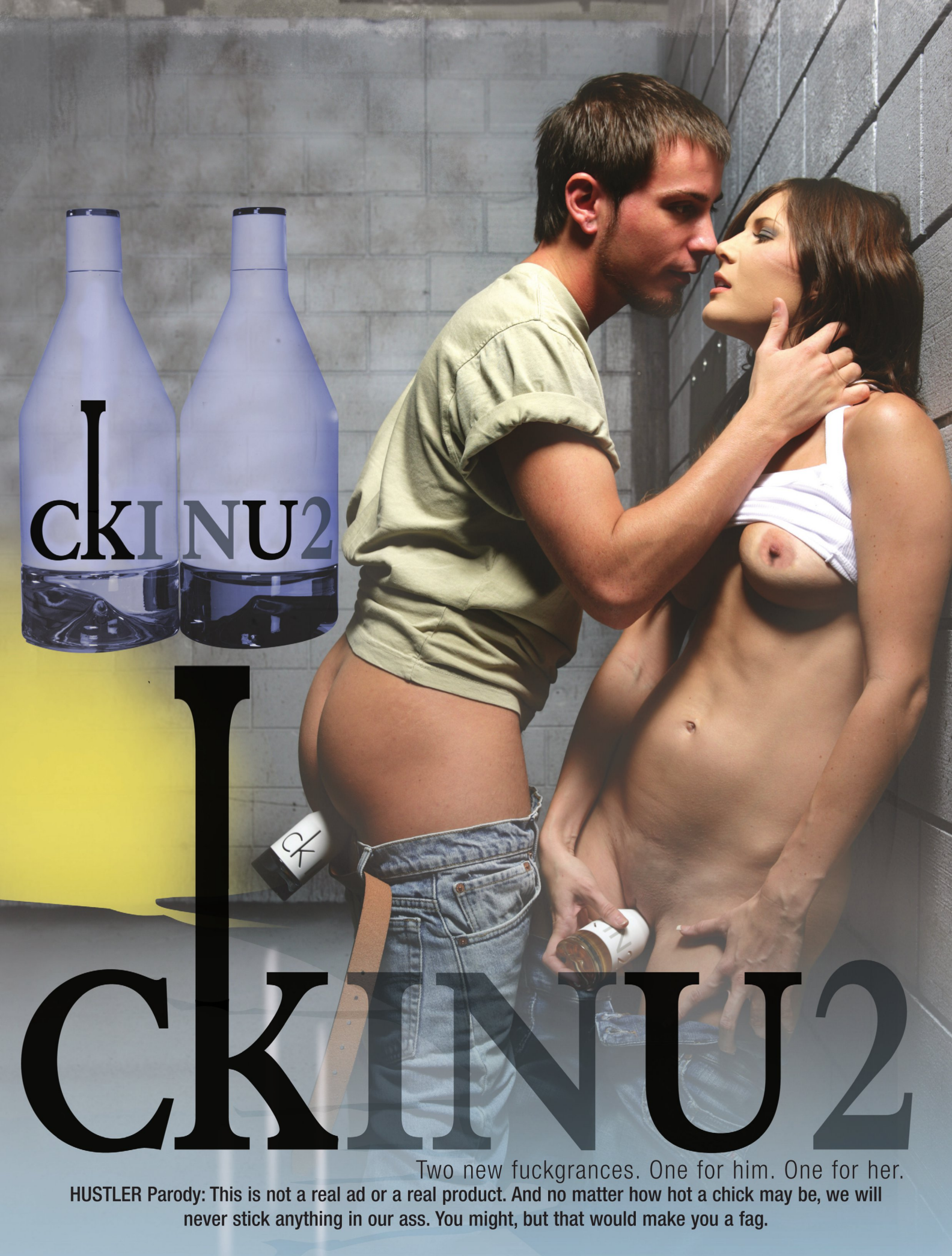
VICTORIA VALMER

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS!

MARCH 2008 $8.99

0 74666 63500 5 94

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or a real product. And no matter how hot a chick may be, we will never stick anything in our ass. You might, but that would make you a fag.

HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

MARCH 2008 VOLUME 34 NUMBER 10

HustlerWorld.com

GIRLS SPREAD

24 **EUFRAT:** Suspend Disbelief
Photography by Charles Lightfoot

42 **MARLIE MOORE:** I Need More
Photography by John Brant

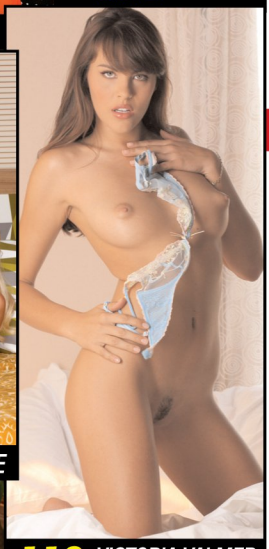
62 **ANDIE VALENTINO & RENAE CRUZ:** Jacuzzi Rules
Photography by Matti Klatt

82 **ERIN AVERY:** My Funny Valentine
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

112 **VICTORIA VALMER:** Meet Me in Paris!
Covergirl Photography by Hicksphoto

132 **KATARINA KAT & JUSTIN MAGNUM:** The Ol' Ball & Chain
Photography by Suze Randall

176 **LELA STAR:** Overexposed
Photography by Holly Randall



MONTHLY FEATURES

3 **AD PARODY**

16 **MATTEL: TOYS TO DIE FOR**

36 **WHY ARE THE BARBI TWINS & THEIR DOGGED FRIENDS FEARED?**
Animal Rights "Terrorism" Forum
by Shane & Sia Barbi

50 **REAL-LIFE FANTASY ISLAND**
by Joe Diamond

54 **MYSPACE GIRL**

57 **ARIOCK'S PULL-OUT VALENTINE**

60 **VICIOUS VALENTINES**

70 **GEORGE MONBIOT'S ALERT**
Expert Speaks Out on Climate Change
Interview by Bruce David & Ed Rampell

73 **OUT OF THE FRYING PAN**
Frightening Realities of Global Warming
by Harry Walsh

78 **LISA LAMPANELLI**
Dirty Stand-up's Uproarious Confessions
Interview by Keith Valcourt

102 **MOVIE MAMMARIES**
The Skintillating Gals of *Grey's Anatomy*

104 **FAMOUS FLESH**
Dancing With the Stars' Karina Smirnoff

105 **GROIN'S ANATOMY**
Outrageous Cartoon Spoof by Noel Anderson

THE ISSUE'S STANDARDS

7 **PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
by Larry Flynt

8 **TECH KNOW**
Cool New Gadgets, Plus HDTV Giveaway

9 **ROBERT SCHEER**

10 **GAME ON**

11 **NAT HENTOFF**

13 **FEEDBACK**

17 **ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH**

19 **BITS & PIECES**
Singin' Gazongas, Pamela Pummeled, Fellatio Fantasy & More

32 **HOT LETTERS**

96 **HUSTLER HUMOR**

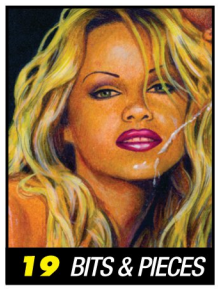
98 **SIGHTS & SOUNDS**
Groupie Kiss-and-Teller, Reincarnated Motels, Worthwhile Discs Galore

121 **COLLEGE REPORT**
Assault on Free Speech: The 50,000-Volt Jolt Heard Round the World

122 **REAL COLLEGE GIRLS**

125 **EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT**
XXX Reviews, Sinema's Rookie Prankster & Reality Show Porn

140 **BEAVER HUNT**
Unbashful Amateurs



HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Michael H. Klein *President*
Jim Chamberlain *Executive Vice-President*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration*

Bruce David *Editorial Director*
N. Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Managing Editor*
Mark Johnson *Asst. Managing Editor/Research Director*
Ed Rampell *Features Editor*
Keith Valcourt *Bits & Pieces/Music Editor*
Kevin Wright *Associate Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Eric Althoff *Copy Editor*
Tyler Downey *Editorial Assistant*

Art & Design
Nadeen Torio *Creative Director*
Joe Dunavan *Assistant Art Director*

Talent
China Barbor *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Photography
Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*
Kenneth DeMartines *Production Designer*
Ramon Avelar *Studio Driver/Assistant*
Scott Feek *Construction Coordinator*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*
Lisa Jones *Network Systems Administrator*

Production
Brian Sturzenacker *Production Manager*
Rustin Knudtson *Traffic Coordinator*

Advertising
Allen Maine *National Advertising Director (323-951-7907)*
David Thorn *Advertising Coordinator*
Gina J. Lee *Ad Production/Pre-Press Director*
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*
HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*
Art Elizarov *Vice-President, Human Resources*
John Lara *Vice-President, Finance*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 34, No. 10, March 2008. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in May, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Copyright © 2008 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $39.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is December 11, 2007.

Cover photo by Hicksphoto

THE FUTURE IS NOW

HUSTLER has taken its next big step: digital publishing! You are now able to get a monthly digital version of HUSTLER Magazine delivered right to your computer, page for page, exactly the same as the one sold at newsstands. How convenient is that?

Even better is the price: just $2.30 per issue with a yearly subscription. And there will be a few extras as well, starting with four XXX video clips.

But this is just the beginning. Over the next few years, as we keep up with the marvels of cybertechnology, you can be certain that the digital version of HUSTLER will become more and more interactive. How cool will it be when you can finally click your mouse to make our centerfold come to life and talk to you?

Be one of the first to step into the world of tomorrow by visiting **HustlerSub.com**. See you in the future.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀ LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!...

Here's a little man that is sure to give you almost as many hours of fun as your own little man. The **XPV Mini R.A.D.** robot—equipped with dual spinning propellers that let it fly just like a helicopter—can soar as high as three stories and up to 25 yards away from the handheld controller. Besides a built-in 3.7-volt battery that charges through the controller (which in turn operates on four AA batteries), the lightweight-yet-durable design allows the **R.A.D.** to fly either indoors or outdoors.

Available at retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

SCREEN TEST ▲

There is TV, and then there is *big-ass* TV. Mitsubishi's line of **1080P DLP** TVs not only features a 73-inch screen and superthin frame, but also offers 80% more color than the standard HDTV. That's because the built-in light engine processes and produces images with six colors—instead of the traditional three.

Do you know what the best thing about this TV is? You have a chance to win a free **1080 DLP**! That's right. The folks at Mitsubishi will be giving a lucky HUSTLER reader one of these great televisions. See entry form below.

Go to ***Mitsubishi-TV.com*** to locate retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price: $2,199.99.

TOWERING SOUND ▶

Although there are numerous speaker choices on the market today for iPods, none is as stylish as the **mStation 2.1 Stereo Tower**. Composed of extruded aluminum, this gadget may look like a work of art, but don't think that form overrides function. Besides rotatable speakers packing 100 watts of room-filling stereo sound, the unit features a bass-booming, 5.25-dedicated subwoofer. The **mStation Tower** also comes with a ten-key infrared remote that lets you navigate your tunes from across the room. Don't own an iPod? You can also connect other audio devices via a USB and stereo mini jack.

Available at ***mStation.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.95.

IN THE FOLD ▲

Hey, apartment dweller. Wouldn't it be great if you could own a bike? Yeah, we know you don't have any place to store it. So check out this supercool item from the Italian company Di Blasi. Weighing just 36 pounds, the **Folding Trike** can be compressed in less than four seconds, without tools, to the size of a small carton. The spiffy three-wheeler—offered in a choice of red, orange, blue, ivory and gray—provides a smooth ride on 20-inch tires and is also equipped with five gears, two V brakes, front and tail lights, mudguards and a handy carrying case. And get this: Di Blasi also has a motorized version for lazybones who hate to pedal.

Available at ***DiBlasi.com***. Suggested retail price: $1,499.

TV CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Man, this 73-inch Mitsubishi WD-65734 1080P DLP HDTV would sure look good in your home. Imagine watching sports, music videos and porn on such a high-quality giant screen! To get the chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, age and signature on a postcard) and send it to *TV Giveaway*, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

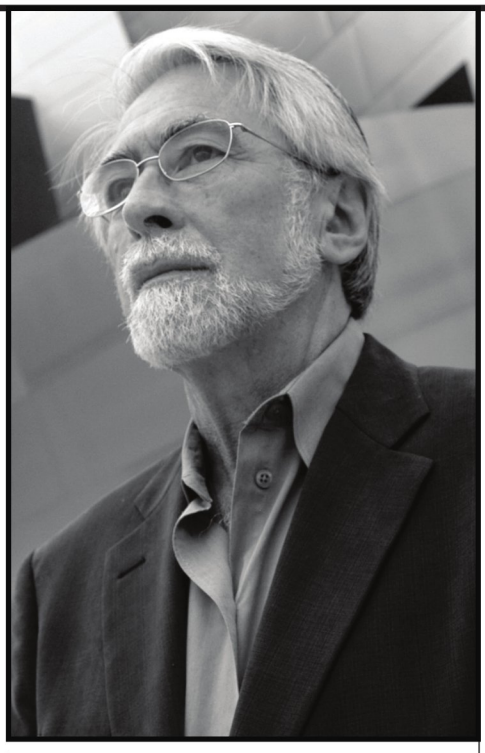
E-mail Address _____

Age _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by April 10, 2008. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

MILITARY HAS HAD IT WITH BUSH

A flood of officers from all levels denounces the commander in chief's leadership in the Iraq War as disastrously incompetent.



THE SAVING GRACE OF LEADERS with totalitarian philosophies, whether they are heads of state or CEOs of large corporations, is supposed to be their ability to get things done efficiently. Hitler was initially revered by many Germans for reviving the country's moribund economy, while Mussolini famously "made the trains run on time," something Italy had not been known for before or since. And fighting wars, of course, is a core competency expected of dictators everywhere.

So what are we to make of our "decider" President, who clearly believes himself above the law? The Bush White House ignores laws passed by the legislative branch, defies the orders of the judicial branch and proudly flouts international laws and treaties the United States has signed. Yet when it comes to building our economy or fighting wars, these guys are the Keystone Cops, bungling everything they try their hands at. They truly are the gang that couldn't shoot straight.

While after six years of headlines from Iraq, it would seem unnecessary to even have to argue the point, there is always new evidence to examine relating to the Bushies' pernicious incompetence. The latest was the brutal dressing-down delivered by retired Lieutenant General Ricardo Sanchez in October 2007.

"There has been a glaring and unfortunate display of incompetent strategic leadership within our national leaders," said Sanchez, who commanded U.S. forces in Iraq from June 2003 to July 2004. "After more than fours years of fighting, America continues its desperate struggle in Iraq without any concerted effort to devise a strategy that will achieve victory in that war-torn country or in the greater conflict against extremism."

Sanchez pulled no punches in adding that government officials have been "derelict in their duties" and guilty of a "lust for power."

The ex-general went on to say, "From a catastrophically flawed, unrealistically optimistic war plan, to the administration's latest surge strategy, this administration has failed to employ and synchronize the political, economic and military power. The administration, Congress and the entire inter-agency, especially the State Department, must shoulder the responsibility for this catastrophic failure, and the American people must hold them accountable."

Piling on a week later, 12 Army captains who have served in Iraq published an opinion article in the *Washington Post*, trashing the handling of the war. "Today marks five years since the authorization of military force in Iraq, setting Operation Iraqi Freedom in motion," the officers wrote. "Five years on, the Iraq War is as undermanned and underresourced as it was from the start. And, five years on, Iraq is in shambles. As Army captains who served in Baghdad and beyond, we've seen the corruption and the sectarian division. We understand what it's like to be stretched too thin. And we know when it's time to get out."

Need we go on? Okay, let's hear from three more generals who think the President, who always claims to follow the instructions of his "commanders in the field," is an incompetent liar. Paul Eaton, Wesley Clark and John Batiste are lending their impressive military credentials to an anti-Iraq War campaign by a group called VoteVets. Their message: Bush does *not* listen to the military, but rather to his clique of chicken hawks back in D.C.

General Eaton explained in May '07 that the campaign is "an effort to render competence to an Administration that needs it."

General Batiste bristled, "[The President] ignores sound military advice and surrounds himself with like-minded subordinates."

In one of VoteVets' TV spots, Batiste addresses Dubya directly: "Mr. President, you did not listen. You continue to pursue a failed strategy that is breaking our great Army and Marine Corps. I left the Army in protest in order to speak out. Mr. President, you have placed our nation in peril. Our only hope is that Congress will act now to protect our fighting men and women."

But perhaps the most moving cry of disgust has come from further down the military hierarchy. In "The War as We Saw It"—an eloquent op-ed article published in the *New York Times* in August '07—seven combat sergeants summarized the futility of their 15 months in Iraq: "To believe that Americans, with an occupying force that long ago outlived its reluctant welcome, can win over a recalcitrant local population and win this counterinsurgency is farfetched."

After penning their *crie de cour*, two of the soldiers died in Iraq, and a third was severely wounded.

Of course, the military has always found faults in its civilian leadership, and defeat inevitably leads to finger-pointing. Yet for an administration that wears its faux military credentials prominently—the President even donned a flight suit to land on an aircraft carrier, for crissakes!—the steady drumbeat of denunciations it is receiving from officers is unprecedented. These military men and women, whatever their other political beliefs, are clearly fed up with the idea that you can build an empire on the cheap.

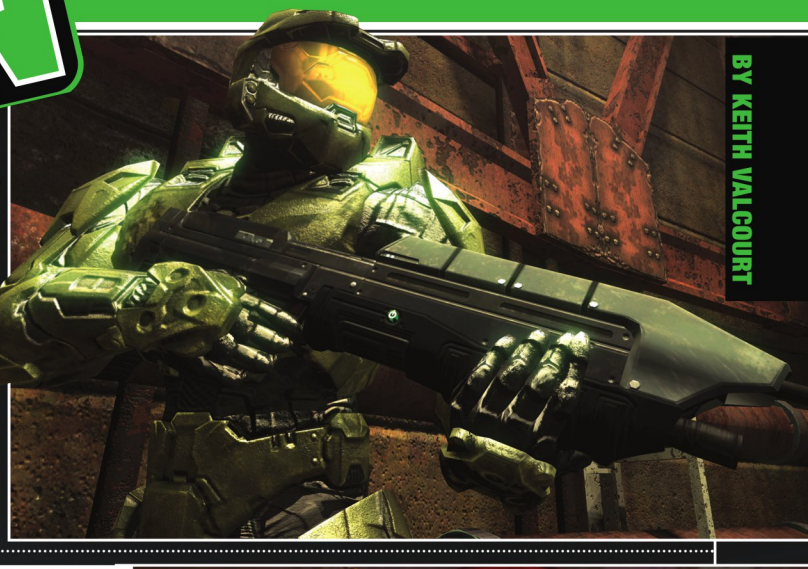
"There is only one way we might be able to succeed in Iraq," suggested the five captains in their *Washington Post* opinion piece, "To continue an operation of this intensity and duration, we would have to abandon our volunteer military for compulsory service. Short of that, our best option is to leave Iraq immediately."

Enough said.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the Los Angeles Times, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor-in-chief of Ramparts magazine. Now editor of ***TruthDig.com****, Scheer has written six hard-hitting books, notably Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power and Playing President: My Close Encounters With Nixon, Carter, Bush I, Reagan and Clinton—And How They Did Not Prepare Me for George W. Bush.*

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT



BELIEVE THE HYPE

Halo 3

Manufacturer: Microsoft Game Studios

Format: Xbox 360

Without a doubt, the most anticipated and fastest-selling title in the history of video games is everything you'd hoped it would be. You are Master Chief, the advanced supersoldier hunting down a mysterious terrorist group. You use your futuristic weapons—including plasma rays—to blast away and complete your mission. This game is awesome! Was it worth the three-year wait? Yes! Now all we have to do is start counting down until *Halo 4* hits the stores.

CELESTIAL BODIES

Heavenly Sword

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

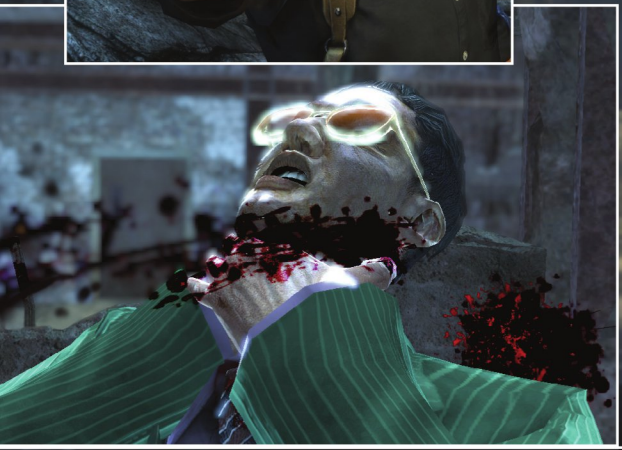
Not since Xena have we been so in love with a warrior princess. Here a fiery redhead named Nariko is on a vengeful quest to defeat a maniacal king and his invading army. The only problem is, in order to succeed, she must rely on the mighty ***Heavenly Sword***, which slowly drains the life force out of any mortal who wields it. In this great first-person battle game you get to manipulate the gorgeous heroine's every move with a ton of fights and fluid swordplay. Now if there were only a way to make Nariko come to life.

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF

John Woo Presents Stranglehold

Manufacturer: Midway

Format: Xbox 360, PS3



This next-generation shooter game is packed with the signature cinematic action that makes John Woo's films so thrilling. You are Inspector Tequila (played by international action star Chow Yun-Fat), a renegade cop pushed to the brink. ***Stranglehold*** gamers get to experience a new level of stunts, gun battles and flowing play that includes running up railings, swinging from chandeliers and leaping onto moving objects. Plus, there is massive environmental damage teeming with blood and bullets. Lots and lots of blood and bullets.

WAR IS HELLA GOOD

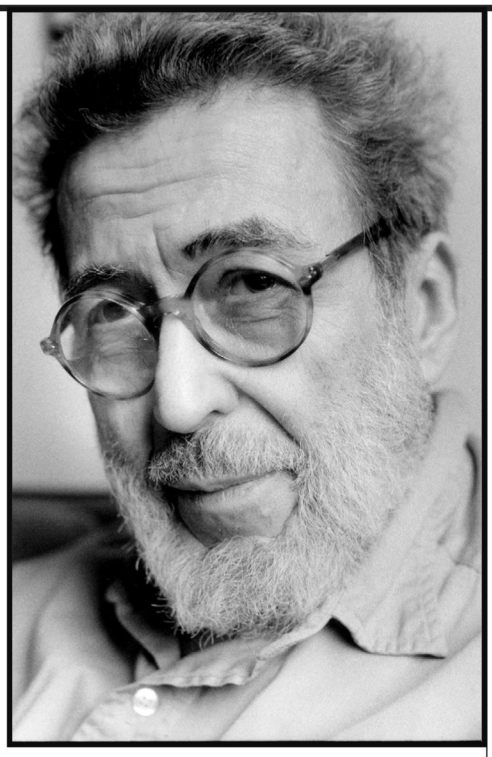
Warhawk

Manufacturer: Sony

Format: PS3

Looking for a multiplayer military game that allows you to do battle online with up to 32 other gamers in high-definition glory? Then ***Warhawk*** is for you. Not only can you strap into a tank for some bone-crushing armored action, but you can also take flight and experience white-knuckle aerial combat against a squadron of enemy fighters. And, thanks to a free bonus Bluetooth headset, you can communicate with your troops. War may be hell, but ***Warhawk*** is a helluva good time.

IS "FUCK BUSH!" PROTECTED SPEECH?



ONE OF THE MOST UNCOMPROMISING and resounding affirmations of freedom of speech was the U.S. Supreme Court's 1971 decision, *Cohen* v. *California*. Paul Robert Cohen, a student protesting the Vietnam War and the draft, had been arrested in a Los Angeles County courthouse for disturbing the peace by wearing a jacket, the back of which bore the message "Fuck the Draft."

Cohen's sentence of 30 days in jail was upheld in California's courts. But writing for the majority of the Supreme Court, relatively conservative Justice John Marshall Harlan rang the Liberty Bell.

"One man's vulgarity," he ruled "is another man's lyric…the State has no right to cleanse public debate to the point where it is…palatable to the most squeamish among us [and] we cannot indulge the facile assumption that one can forbid particular words without also running a substantial risk of suppressing ideas in the process."

The late Justice Harlan's channeling of James Madison is in an essential book, *Freedom of Expression in the Supreme Court* (Rowman & Littlefield), edited by Terry Eastland. Among the array of cases celebrating the First Amendment is, of course, the 1988 powerful 8-to-0 ruling by Chief Justice William Rehnquist in *Hustler Magazine* v. *Falwell*: "The First Amendment recognizes no such thing as a 'false' idea."

I strongly recommend *Freedom of Expression in the Supreme Court* to members of the Federal Communications Commission, Congress, college and university presidents, and boards of education—all of whom are in extreme need of a refresher course on why and how the First Amendment defines who we are as a free people.

Yet another example is Colorado State University's charges in October 2007 against J. David McSwane. As editor in chief of the *Rocky Mountain Collegian* student newspaper, McSwane published an editorial with the headline "Taser This: Fuck Bush," commenting on the campus police department's harsh treatment of a student protester during an appearance by Senator John Kerry at the University of Florida. (See *College Report* on page 121.)

Hearing that the university's Board of Student Communications, which enforces "language restrictions," was considering firing student/editor McSwane, FIRE (the Philadelphia-based Foundation for Individual Rights in Education) entered the case with its customary full-court press.

Letters were sent to the president and all relevant officials of Colorado State University and the Board of Student Communications, and press releases also went to FIRE's long national list of media. For years, FIRE (I'm on its advisory board) has been well and insistently known to speech censors on campuses throughout the country. It defends the free expression rights of students and professors across the entire political and ideological spectrum—far more often than the American Civil Liberties Union.

Most of the time, because of the pressure of publicity—and college officials' knowledge that if they do not restore the First Amendment, FIRE will bring them into court—the punishments of free expression are rescinded. FIRE almost always brings the First Amendment triumphantly back to academia.

This time, however, the final verdict was decidedly mixed, and reveals how ignorant many college officials and high school principals are of the ultimate source of all our liberties.

In a letter to McSwane, James Landers, Ph.D. (presumably not in First Amendment studies) grudgingly admitted that—in order to avoid a court confrontation—the incendiary editorial "was an expression of opinion, which we regard as protected by the First Amendment."

However, McSwane was "admonished" for violating the university's "Code of Ethics, Student Media" and the college newspaper's code of ethics, which states primly: "Profane and vulgar words are not acceptable for opinion writing."

In frustration at not being able to dismiss McSwane, Landers—a truly unrepentant censor—snarled: "The editorial has caused harm to the *Collegian*, student media and the university community. It is our judgment that your decision was unethical and unprofessional."

But this case will remain in the annals of First Amendment scholarship—permanently exposing the unprofessional cluelessness of American history by Dr. Landers and Colorado State University President Larry Penley. Because of their failures as educators, their initial charges against McSwane cost the college newspaper advertising revenue, causing staff reductions.

Editor McSwane, however, did not surrender the First Amendment. And I recommend that Dr. Landers and President Penley abide by the Supreme Court's 1973 decision in *Papish* v. *Board of Curators of the University of Missouri*.

A headline in that school's paper had proclaimed—above a cartoon of a policeman raping the Statue of Liberty—"Motherfucker Acquitted." The student editor was expelled from the university.

Prompting the headline was news that a New York City court had acquitted a leader of an anarchist organization called Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers, which advocated and engaged in self-defense against police harassment.

Admonishing University of Missouri officials, the Supreme Court ruled unequivocally: "The mere dissemination of ideas—no matter how offensive to good taste—on a state university campus may not be shut off in the name alone of 'conventions of decency.'"

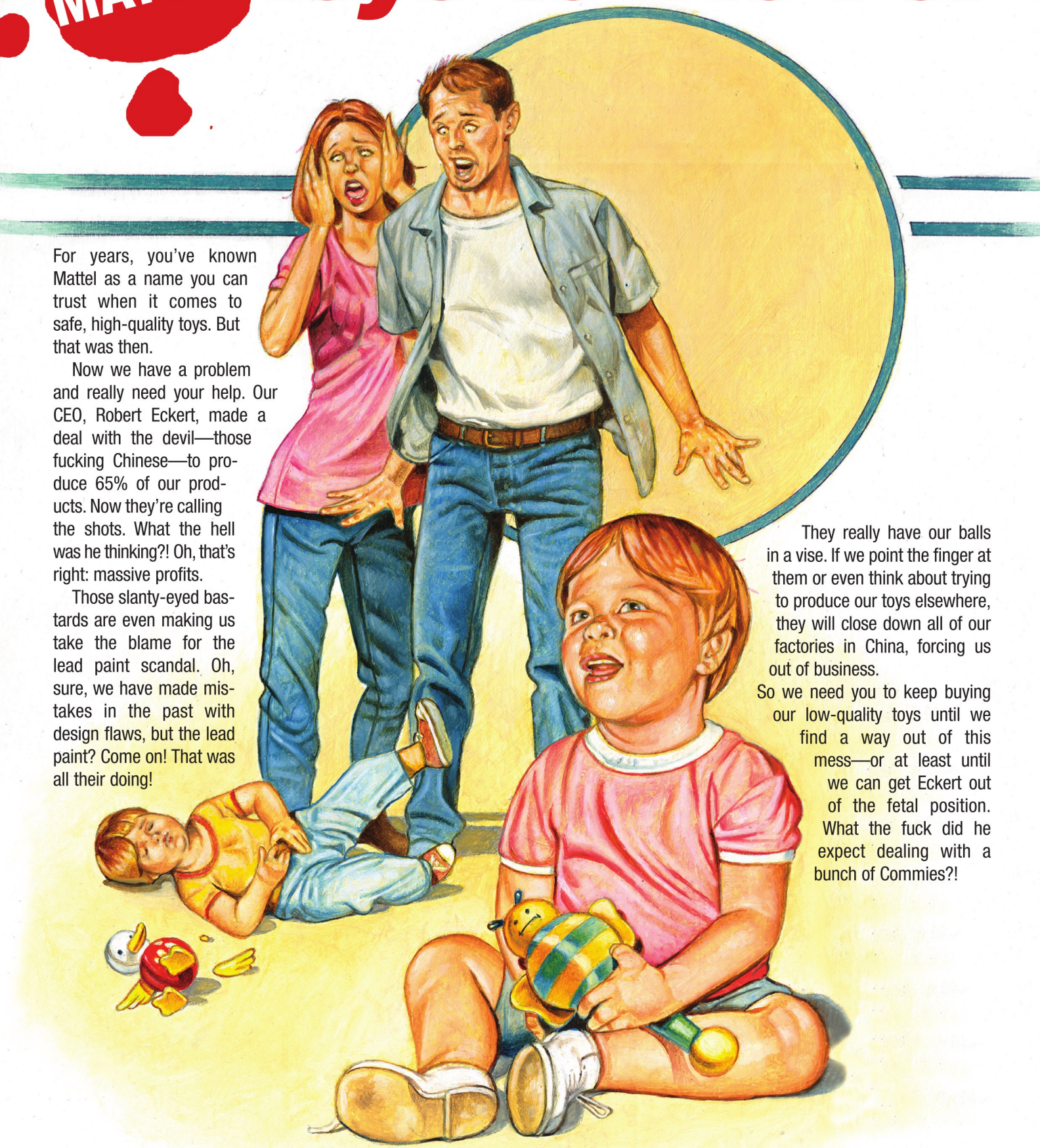
A freedom toast to *Rocky Mountain Collegian* editor J. David McSwane!

Nat Hentoff is a historian, jazz critic and columnist for the Village Voice, Legal Times, Washington Times, The Progressive, Editor & Publisher, Free Inquiry and Jewish World Review. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights; The Gathering Resistance; and, the very latest, Is This America?

"Sorry, Barack, she's not an Obama Girl anymore!"

FLYNTOPHOBIA: THE FEAR OF SOME REPUBLICAN POLITICIANS THAT SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW... LARRY IS WATCHING.
J. Billette

MATTEL Toys to Die For



For years, you've known Mattel as a name you can trust when it comes to safe, high-quality toys. But that was then.

Now we have a problem and really need your help. Our CEO, Robert Eckert, made a deal with the devil—those fucking Chinese—to produce 65% of our products. Now they're calling the shots. What the hell was he thinking?! Oh, that's right: massive profits.

Those slanty-eyed bastards are even making us take the blame for the lead paint scandal. Oh, sure, we have made mistakes in the past with design flaws, but the lead paint? Come on! That was all their doing!

They really have our balls in a vise. If we point the finger at them or even think about trying to produce our toys elsewhere, they will close down all of our factories in China, forcing us out of business.

So we need you to keep buying our low-quality toys until we find a way out of this mess—or at least until we can get Eckert out of the fetal position. What the fuck did he expect dealing with a bunch of Commies?!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how the toy giant, overpowered by corporate greed, has allowed a foreign entity to dictate how it does business while ignoring quality and endangering America's children in the process. Check out **USPIRG.org/Issues/Toy-Safety** for more information. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Rush Limbaugh

Rush Limbaugh is an anal cyst on the ass of humanity. This blustering bully who picks on the defenseless is a pill-popping, pathological liar and morbidly obese, hearing-impaired homophobe who can't get it up without boner pills. Despite his wealth, the thrice-divorced Limbaugh obviously can't satisfy or keep a woman.

This gutless wonder's latest victim is 12-year-old Graeme Frost, who suffered head and vocal cord injuries in a 2004 car crash. Following Bush's September 29 weekly radio address—wherein he vowed to veto expansion of the State Children's Health Insurance Program (SCHIP)—Graeme was invited to deliver the Democratic response. "I just hope the President will listen to my story and help other kids to be as lucky as me," said the youngster, whose costly treatment and prolonged therapy have been covered by SCHIP. But a vetoing Bush kept his cold promise.

Leave it to lily-livered Limbaugh to gleefully assassinate the Frost family's character, falsely claiming that "these people can clearly afford [health insurance]; they just choose not to." To help make his point, the childless schlock jock mentioned that Graeme attends a private school—without noting he has a scholarship.

On his October 10, 2007, program, Limbaugh alleged, "The whole thing is bogus…. [A] 12-year-old kid [is] being used to advance a distortion and a lie." Appearing on Fox's October 18 *Insanity & Colmes* show, Rush lied, "I never once attacked this family." Then, remarkably, he proceeded to mimic Graeme Frost, whining, "I only want healthcare for the rest of American children like I got, and George Bush is against it."

This was Limbaugh's most tasteless exercise since mocking Michael J. Fox's Parkinson's in 2006, claiming the actor "is exaggerating the effects of the disease. He is moving all around and shaking…it's purely an act." Snarling, the corpulent Limbaugh then began shaking wildly, mimicking the ailing Fox.

Playing the traitor card, this rotten Republican rottweiler also stalks servicemen and veterans who disagree with Bush's war policy. On his August 2, 2005, show, Limbaugh smeared ex-Marine Paul Hackett, a Democratic Congressional candidate, as someone "trying to hide behind a military uniform" and serving in Fallujah "to pad the résumé."

After Senator Chuck Hagel (R-Nebraska), a Vietnam vet, voted for a nonbinding resolution opposing Iraq escalation, Limbaugh slandered him as "Senator Betrayus" in January '07.

Months later, Limbaugh proved himself a hypocrite by going apeshit over MoveOn.org's *New York Times* advertisement headlined "General Petraeus or General Betray Us?" The toxic talker called it "indecent" and "contemptible."

Here's what *is* contemptible: During a September '07 broadcast, Limbaugh dubbed GIs favoring withdrawal from Iraq "phony soldiers." After a firestorm erupted, Rush—true to form—lied about his lies, claiming he was blathering on about Jesse MacBeth, who'd been convicted of misrepresenting himself as a wounded Iraq War vet.

However, Limbaugh did not mention MacBeth until almost two minutes after uttering his "phony soldiers" remark. But if Rush had been referring to a specific individual, why did he use the plural form of *soldier*?

Speaking of "phony soldiers," what about Limbaugh's own military record? Like many Republican pro-war chicken hawks—notably Bush and Cheney—the closest Rush ever came to combat was watching John Wayne movies. From a well-connected GOP family, the Missourian avoided being drafted by claiming he had an anal cyst! Poor little Rushy's tushy saved him from fighting the Vietcong!

Despite his fame and fortune, Limbaugh remains a pathetic loser. In 2006, U.S. Customs officials detained the mouthpiece of the so-called family values party when the lug returned from the Dominican Republic with Viagra for which he didn't have a prescription. What was this champion of the Religious Right doing in the Caribbean? Sex tourism? And if so, with whom? Males, females, children, animals?

This Oxy-moron is an admitted drug absuer whose illegal pill-popping has apparently damaged not only his hearing and sexual potency, but also his tenuous grasp on reality. Limbaugh's skewed view of the way things really are suggests a dope addict's wild hallucinations.

Why did this asshole stuff his face with OxyContin? Realizing he doesn't deserve his riches and celebrity status, the well-paid propagandist for the well-heeled lashes out whenever a Graeme Frost or Michael J. Fox puts a face on the real-world implications of the Republicans' hideous policies.

Ultimately, guilt-ridden Limbaugh hides from this truth with painkillers that never quite do the job. The truth shall set you free, Rush.

Farts in the Wind

• With its approval ratings sinking like a lead dildo, a desperate White House hauled out **Jenna Bush** to try to humanize the First Family. But we weren't fooled. While labeling conversations with her father about Iraq "secret" or "private," Jenna hasn't publicly opposed the war. When ABC's Diane Sawyer repeated Matt Damon's questioning why the Presidential daughters weren't serving in Iraq, Jenna said, "I think if people really thought about it, they know that we would put many people in danger." Yep, primarily Jenna and Barbara, who—like their combat-avoiding daddy—are cowards. After all, wars are to be fought by the "little people"—not by their "betters," who start them.

• **Erik Prince**, head of Blackwater USA, finally crawled out of his top-secret hole to testify before Congress and address the media after some of the security firm's hired hands reportedly went on an unprovoked killing spree in Baghdad. According to *The Independent*, the shoot-'em-up left some 28 civilians dead and caused the al-Mailiki government to revoke Blackwater's license to operate in Iraq. We hope that Erik Prince of Darkness's purportedly tax-evading soldiers of misfortune are held accountable. His lawless, profiteering Gestapo must be put out of business. No more trigger-happy gunslingers in Iraq or New Orleans.

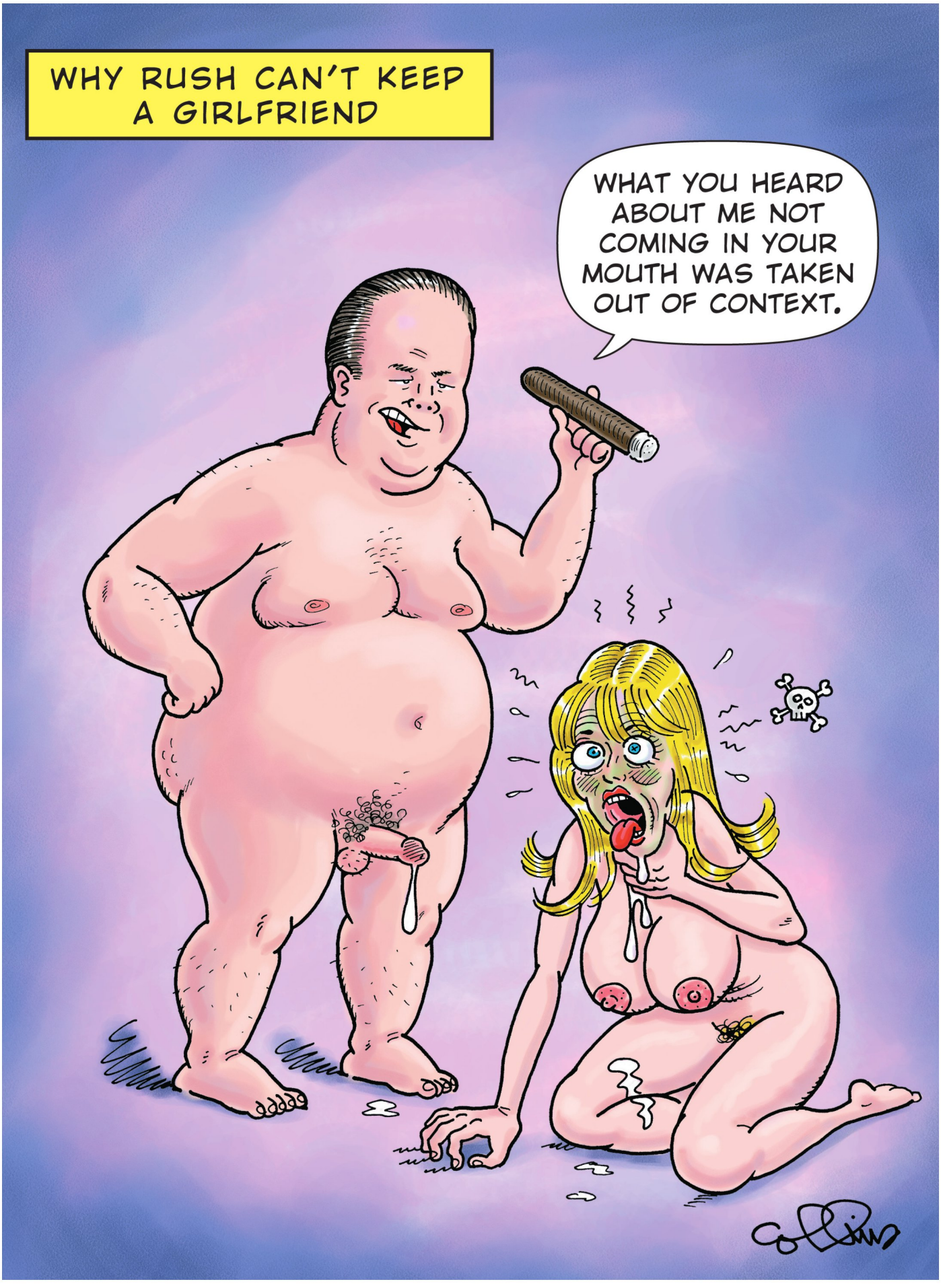

WHY RUSH CAN'T KEEP A GIRLFRIEND
WHAT YOU HEARD ABOUT ME NOT COMING IN YOUR MOUTH WAS TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT.

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Chelsea Charms and her breast friends

Jesse Jane

Wild woman Tera Patrick

Stormy Daniels

PHOTOS BY HARDCORE SOURCE

Christie's Cabaret girls

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

The Mandalay Bay Resort & Casino in Las Vegas was recently packed to the rafters with more silicone than a boat show. The 15th annual Gentlemen's Club Owners Expo brought together the tops in topless (and bottomless) dancers and hundreds of their fans with pockets full of crumpled dollar bills. Among those on hand for a gala awards show were porn stars Tera Patrick, Jesse Jane and Jessica Drake and rocker Vince Neil.

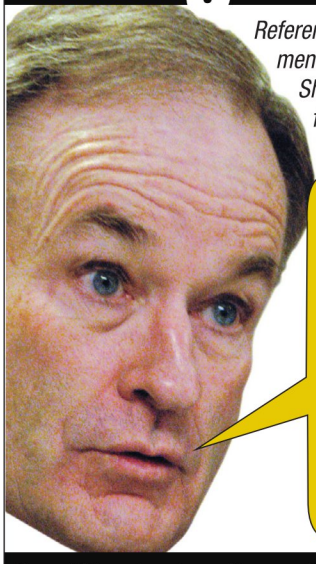
PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND $150 go to J.S. of Rutland, Vermont, for this shot of a loving couple. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Valentine's Day Tip #1

They say men buy lingerie on Valentine's Day as a gift for themselves. Which is fine—unless you wear it.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately



Referencing a dinner engagement with the Reverend Al Sharpton at Sylvia's, a famous soul food restaurant in Harlem:

I couldn't get over the fact that there was no difference between Sylvia's restaurant and any other restaurant in New York City. I mean, it was exactly the same, even though it's run by blacks, primarily black patronship.

Hey, Bill, why does it surprise you that black folk know how to run a fine eatery and conduct themselves properly while dining? Oh, that's right. It's because you're a racist dick.

"During sex I fantasize that I'm someone else." — RICHARD LEWIS, COMIC

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Dana Perino LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

DANA PERINO, THE WHITE HOUSE DEPUTY PRESS SECRETARY, is both single and hot. Too bad she's also a lying cocksucker. Anyway, here is our visual interpretation of the metaphor. She sure looks better than her predecessor, fellow lying cocksucker Tony Snow.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Dana Perino actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Except on a metaphorical level. You can jerk off to it metaphorically.

Everybody Loves HUSTLER

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

EVEN QUEEN OF THE GROUPIES Pamela Des Barres, who in her prime slept with Jimmy Page, Mick Jagger, Keith Moon, Waylon Jennings and many other superstars. Check out our exclusive interview with the tell-all vamp, beginning on page 98.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Valentine's Day Tip #2

NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S PICK is worth-staying-up-late-for Michelle Smith, seen here at the 11 o'clock news desk of WWLP in Springfield, Massachusetts. Thanks to P.H. for submitting the popular anchor/reporter, who recently moved to CBS 6 in Albany, New York.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (as well as a picture) to HUSTLER's News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your selection is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

"For me, love is very deep, but sex only has to go a few inches." —Stacey Nelkin (as Rita in Woody Allen's Bullets Over Broadway)

NEWSBITES

Love Sucks

A 49-year-old mother from Utah has invented a clever sex toy called the Vortex Vibrations. Once hooked up to a conventional vacuum cleaner, the handy device is said to induce a friction-free orgasm within ten seconds. Sorry, gentlemen, but the oddly named product is designed for women only. Which is actually okay, because what guy with half a brain would stick his penis into a vortex?

Bad Handjob

This story is a real cut-up. Sick of her husband spending so much time at a local cybercafé talking to other females on the Internet, a Chinese housewife decided to take matters into her own hands…literally. The enraged woman marched down to the Wi-Fi hotspot and cut off hubby's right hand. Hands down, this is the most disturbing news we've heard in quite a while. We can only hope the poor amputee learns how to jerk off as a lefty.

Give 'Em the Finger

How many times have we wanted to give a politician the finger? Tons, but we didn't actually think to cut one off and mail it to the target of our scorn. However, a right-winger in Japan went to the extreme and is now facing possible jail time. After slicing off the tip, the loon sent the digit—along with a DVD of the procedure—to former Prime Minister Shinzo Abe. Whatever happened to just writing a plain-old letter to an elected official?

Shot of Love

Countless couples like to add sex toys to spice things up in the bedroom (see "Love Sucks" above), but a gun? Yep. Recently, a pair of Lake Charles, Louisiana, denizens were engaged in consensual sexual behavior that also involved a firearm. Unfortunately, the guy didn't get off; he got *offed*. Fatally shot by his girlfriend. The incident was declared an accident, and the pistol-packing mama was not charged. Aparently, love doesn't just hurt—it kills!

RACK 'EM UP!

IF YOUR SPECIAL LADY is a fan of musical novelty items, here's the perfect Valentine's Day gift—Jingle Jugs. She'll get hours of enjoyment from these realistic-looking knockers, which shimmy and shake to the country classic "Titties & Beer." Who the hell are we kidding? This is the trophy rack *you've* always wanted. And, yes, they feel nice. Available at **JingleJuggs.com**.

Sign of the Times

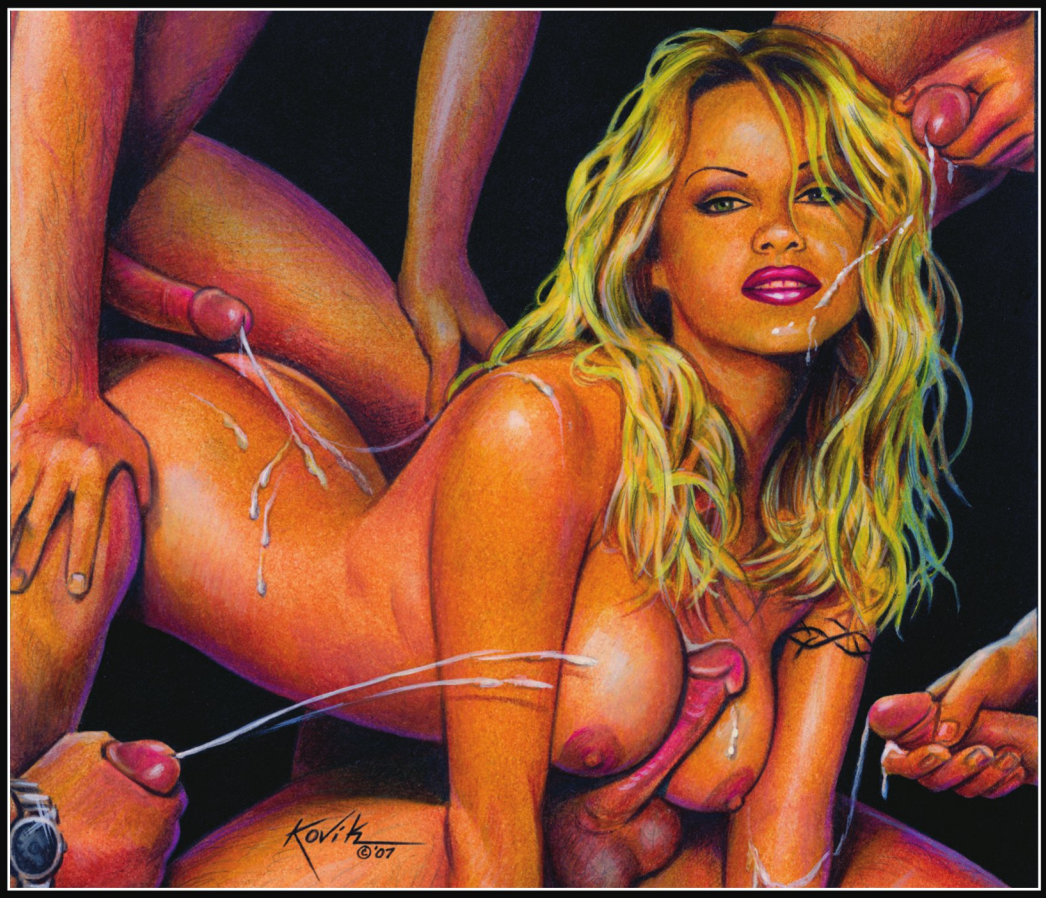
IF YOUR GIRLFRIEND COMPLAINS that you never take her anywhere, why not spend Valentine's Day cruising down Route 69?

If you spot a funny sign, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER's Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for a hundred bucks.

BUCKY BEAVER'S
Valentine's Day Tip #3

"The only difference between friends and lovers is about four minutes." —SCOTT ROEBEN, COMEDY WRITER

Celebrity Gang-Bang



AS A SPECIAL TREAT, contributing artist Kovik warms our hearts by showcasing Pamela Anderson the way we've always wanted to see the bodacious TV star. Just one look explains why Tommy Lee and Kid Rock have been fighting over her for years.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Valentine's Day Tip #4

TAYLOR IS A 10

PORN GODDESS TAYLOR WANE recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of her Web site by throwing herself a shindig at the Basque Club in Hollywood. On hand for the occasion were a gaggle of her fellow fuck bunnies, as well as Mickey Dolenz from the Monkees. The event also marked a rare public appearance by Taylor's bare breasts!

PHOTOS BY RICH STEPHENS

CONDOM COUTURE

Talk about a party dress! Using thousands of unused prophylactics, Brazilian artist Adriana Bertini designed this and other one-of-a-kind outfits to promote AIDS awareness. We don't know art, but we know that if your date shows up wearing this, you're going to get laid.

"You know, of course, that the Tasmanians, who never committed adultery, are now extinct." —W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, AUTHOR

"You know, Hillary, your laugh is really getting annoying!"

EUFRAT
SUSPEND
DISBELIEF
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES LIGHTFOOT FOR HICKSPHOTO

Here's what we know:

- ★ The lovely and lusty Czech has spent a fair amount of time in the Los Angeles area.
- ★ **Eufrat** enjoys modeling nude and frolicking in girl/girl videos.
- ★ Someone here lost the dreamgirl's unlisted phone number.

Thus, for the rest of her bio, we'll have to fantasize about what the fetching temptress might have said. Enjoy the following mini-interview and remember to suspend disbelief.

HUSTLER: Why did you come to America, Eufrat?

EUFRAT: So I could meet and fuck lots of HUSTLER readers! I need a man who really appreciates me and my many talents.

What exactly are those talents?

I love to lick and suck and cook and fuck, but not in that order. I have always been a bit of a nympho. Back home I once met this guy, and we had sex for almost 24 hours straight. It wasn't until the next day that I realized he had a twin brother. I had been doing two guys who looked alike! In the end we had ourselves a lovely threesome.

Do you have any future plans?

Right now I'm considering more modeling offers and thinking about starring in a couple of boy/girl movies. It will depend on the scripts.

The right script? Remember, guys: Suspend disbelief.

EUFRAT'S VITAL FACTS

RESIDENCE: Czech Republic
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Cancer
HEIGHT: 5-8
MEASUREMENTS: 34C-25-36

AGONIZING ECSTASY

The feather trailed lightly up my body, tickling, teasing, tormenting my feet, my ankles, the insides of my thighs. It caressed my nut sac and kissed my erect fuckstick ever so briefly before continuing up my belly to toy with my nipples.

I was bound, naked and spread-eagle on a metal table. Strips of leather secured my wrists and ankles to posts at the four corners of the table, and if I struggled, the leather cut into my skin. My mind and every nerve in my body was focused solely on the tip of that feather brushing over my skin. It was sheer torture—and just what I needed.

The previous month had been hell, what with budget cuts and layoffs. As human resources director of a midsize manufacturing company, it had been my job to decide who stayed and who went, and the stress was fuckin' killing me. After all, I had been promoted from within the ranks and had worked the production lines with many of the longtime employees. It hurt like hell whenever one of them sat across the desk from me, holding head in hands as I delivered the news to the latest victim of the company's downsizing.

Sleep started to completely evade me, and a nervous breakdown was right around the corner. That's when an executive friend invited me out for a drink. After about three or four shots of whiskey, he mentioned what he did to relieve stress, slipped me a card and suggested I book an appointment.

So there I was, at the mercy of Madam X, or Mistress. Glossy black latex covered every inch of her curves, save for her long, erect rosy nipples and meaty cunt folds. Eyeing the tall, voluptuous blonde, I drooled around the ball gag stuffed between my lips.

Knocking on her door 30 minutes earlier, I had been very nervous, until I realized that the professional dominatrix expected absolutely nothing from me but obedience. All control, all decisions were wrestled from my grasp, and it felt damn good to give in, to relinquish any semblance of power and discover the joy of true submission.

My pulse quickened when Mistress exchanged the feather for a cat-o'-nine-tails. A cruel smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she flicked the whip against my thigh, just below my scrotum. Fuck, that hurt!

I could feel the welts rise on my skin. The knotted leather stung my stomach, my chest. Blows landed all over my body, again and again, until the pain blurred and became something sensual and delicious. I could see my cock rise for the ceiling. It throbbed, begging for release. It was harder than it had ever been. Then all at once the whipping stopped.

The world had never moved so slowly, never seemed so quiet. Every muscle in my body was strained taut. The leather cut into my ankles and wrists.

Suddenly, Mistress bent over and gently blew up and down my cock. Soon I was blasting jizz up into the air like a geyser! Some of my spunk sprayed Mistress's cheek. It seemed I hadn't been given permission to come. What followed was a tirade of demeaning, foul curses. "You're a worm," the dom shrieked, "a miserable, degenerate fuck!"

She was right. I whimpered pitifully around the rubber ball, and eventually Mistress showed mercy. Unstrapping the gag, she allowed me to lap the jism from her cheek, then suckle on her nipples.

When her breathing grew uneven, Mistress climbed onto the table, straddled my head and mashed her snatch over my mouth. I licked and tongued that beautiful pink pussy to two gushing orgasms while she scratched my shaft with dagger-sharp fingernails. I got hard again in nothing flat.

When Madam X tired of my tongue, she cut my restraints with oversize, cold, metal scissors and ordered me to flip over on the table. She no longer needed to bind me; I was her slave.

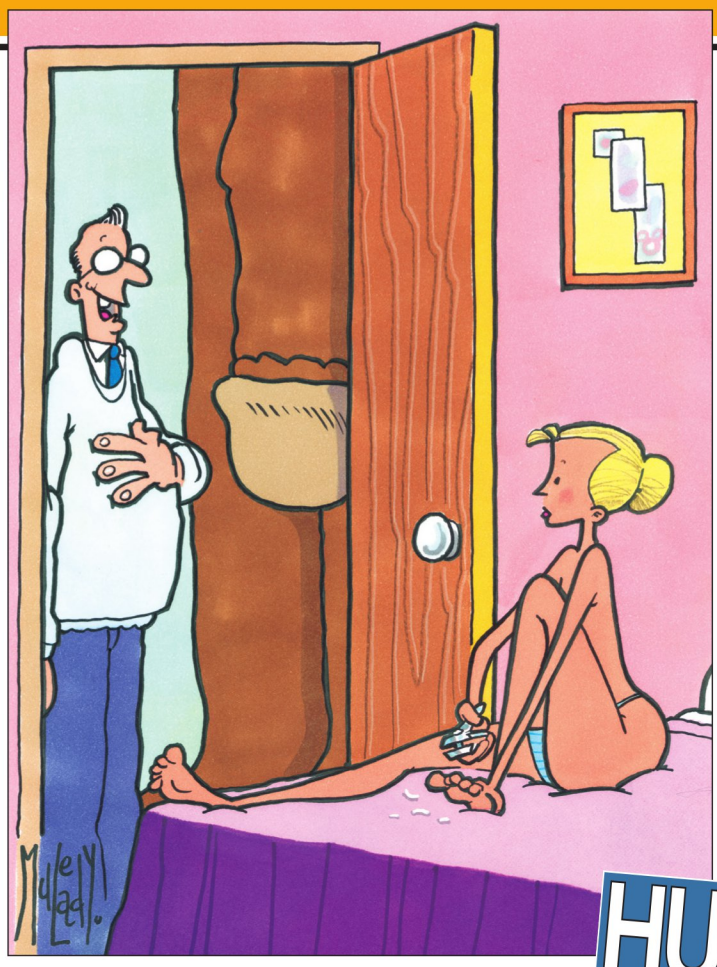
From the corner of my eye, I saw her reach for a small wooden paddle. She rubbed it in circles over my ass cheeks for a minute or two. The friction and heat became intense. I started pressing my hard pecker into the table. I wanted to come so badly. And then…*whack!*

It was sheer torture. It was exactly what I'd paid for. —E.K.

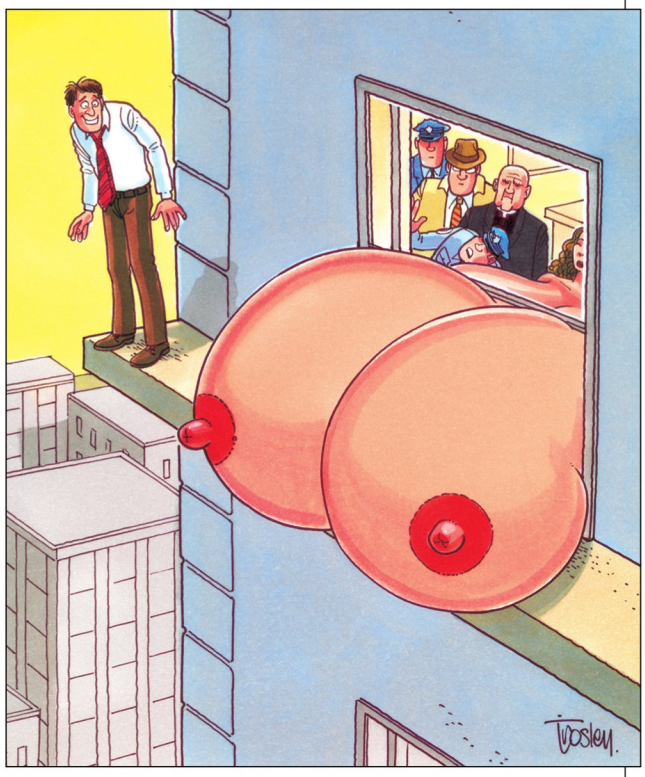
PORTLAND, OREGON

"Oh, I'll probably keep fucking for another ten or 15 years, and then I think I'll give up pussy."

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

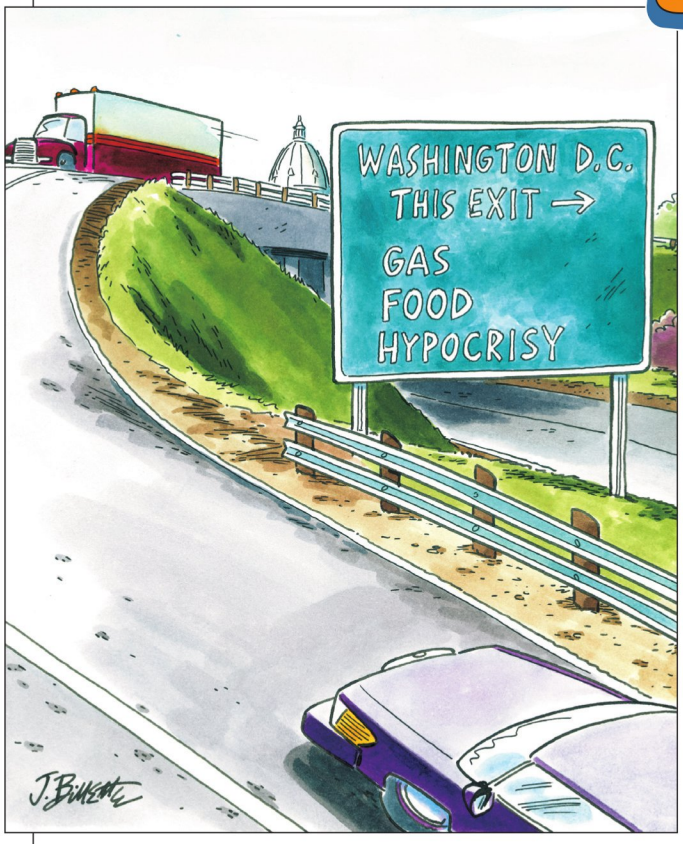


"You know how you bring home girls for me to fuck...and complain that I never bring home any guys for you?"



"It's working! We've got his attention!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Wow! That was some fart, fella!"

MORE! MORE! GIVE ME MORE!
I AIN'T GOT NO MORE.
WINNERS

WHY DO UNCLE SAM AND BIG BUSINESS FEAR THE BARBI TWINS AND THEIR DOGGED FRIENDS?

High-profile activists discuss the absurd targeting of "eco-terrorism" and the animal rights movement as primary threats to homeland security.

BY SHANE AND SIA BARBI

SHAC, AN ACRONYM FOR STOP HUNTINGDON ANIMAL CRUELTY, is a militant group that has used bare-knuckled tactics to stop Britain's Huntingdon Life Sciences (HLS) from conducting scientific experiments on animals for drug and cosmetic research. SHAC's hard-hitting campaign led major insurance companies and banks—including Aetna, Goldman Sachs and Bank of America—to stop doing business with HLS, purportedly costing the firm up to $100 million.

On May 26, 2004, the SHAC 7 became the first defendants charged with violating 1992's Animal Enterprise Protection Act, which was sharpened into the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act in 2006. AETA expands the definition of terrorism to include virtually any interference in commercial activities involving animals, regardless of how the creatures are being treated. The animal rights activists were accused of inciting violence against HLS and its researchers at Huntingdon's New Jersey animal testing lab. This despite the fact that federal prosecutors did not provide any evidence that the defendants were directly involved in anti-HLS provocations and vandalism. Nevertheless, on March 2, 2006, the SHAC 7 were convicted of Internet stalking and terrorism.

In 2005, FBI Deputy Assistant Director John Lewis declared, "The number one domestic terrorism threat is the eco-terrorism, animal-rights movement."

However, critics sharply disagree. "It is simply ludicrous to describe animal rights and eco-terrorism as the number one threat," asserts Mark Potok of the Southern Poverty Law Center, which monitors extremist groups. "It is difficult to understand how the leaders of our major national security organizations can see it this way."

PHOTOGRAPHY & MAKEUP: RYAN PATTERSON/PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANT: MORGAN EAGLE

In a 2005 CNN report, Potok noted that since 1993's Oklahoma City bombing, 15 peace officers have been killed by right-wingers, and there have been 60 plots by white racists and other anti-government zealots. Potok believes that the FBI's priorities are politically motivated, hatched by a pro-Big Business administration that opposes environmentalism. Potok fears "we will ignore a world of violence emanating from our own extreme right." It's also worth noting that anti-choice groups regularly post pictures on their Web sites of abortionists affixed with targets, but no legal action is taken against them.

Shane and Sia Barbi, who have posed nude for calendars and centerfolds, are to the animal rights movement what Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave were to the anti-Vietnam War struggle, using their celebrity, sensuality and glamour to shine a light on a controversial cause. The Barbi Twins, who had previously written about animal rights for HUSTLER (May '07), were assigned to interview a member of the SHAC 7.

They did so at the Flynt Building in Beverly Hills, speaking by phone with Darius Fullmer on the day he was released from prison. (Fullmer had been convicted on one count of conspiracy to violate the AETA. His crime? Running a Web site that reported on and supported the campaign to shut down HLS.) Joining Shane and Sia were fellow animal rights activists Aaron Zellhoefer and Danae Kelly, as well as hunter George Snedeker. The following is an edited version of the question-and-answer session, which was filmed by the TV series *30 Days*. (See "Reality Show Crossfire" on page 38.)

SHANE BARBI: I never get starstruck, but my sister and I really admire what you stand up for. The SHAC 7 is probably the top of the line, and not only on Bush's [domestic terrorism] list. Everybody in the animal world admires these people.

I know about the person behind the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act, Patti Strand, an animal breeder. She was sick of people attacking her, and she got lobbyists to protect businesses [that use] animals. Was this bill directed toward the SHAC 7?

DARIUS FULLMER: You're absolutely right. The bill originated in '92, but was never tried in court. In May of 2004 the Senate Judiciary Committee met to discuss the Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty [SHAC] campaign and what to do about it. Senator [Patrick] Leahy [D-Vermont] of the Senate Judiciary Committee actually refused to be at the meeting 'cause he felt it was a waste of the committee's time and that when the American public thinks of terrorism, they're not thinking of people protesting animal abuse; they have much bigger concerns. But in his absence, [the committee] changed the Animal Enterprise Protection Act to specifically target the SHAC campaign. We were arrested one week later. That really seemed to me as if they looked at what we were doing [and] decided it wasn't against the law, so they changed the law so that it would be.

SHANE: It's so obvious you're being targeted. It's sad the media didn't pick it up. There should be an outrage. The SHAC 7 are considered the number one domestic terrorist in the United States, above al-Qaeda bombers and the KKK, correct?

FULLMER: That's absolutely true. According to Homeland Security, the animal rights and environmental movement are the number one domestic threat. Which is ridiculous, because we've

At the L.A. rally, Shane and Sia Barbi decry the cruel and unusual punishment of lab monkeys.

Ex-child star Pamelyn Ferdin, the voice of Lucy in the **Peanuts** TV cartoons, at an animal rights protest in Los Angeles.

Aaron Zellhoefer, a SHAC 7 supporter, speaks his mind alongside the Barbi Twins and pro wrestler Chyna (in red T-shirt) at the heated demo.

REALITY SHOW CROSSFIRE

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

*Mixed company: Hunting enthusiast George Snedeker (far left) and animal rights activists Aaron Zellhoefer, Danae Kelly and the Barbi Twins face off as part of the confrontational reality show **30 Days**.*

AS SEXY MODELS-TURNED-ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVISTS Shane and Sia Barbi sat down with several of their compadres to interview "terrorist" Darius Fullmer by telephone at HUSTLER headquarters, they were joined by an unlikely guest. North Carolina hunting enthusiast George Snedeker was thrown into the mix by the reality show *30 Days*, which sent a crew to film the entire Q&A as part of the series' third season lineup.

Arguably television's best such program, *30 Days* is the brainchild of Morgan Spurlock, who burst onto the big screen in 2004 with his anti-corporate documentary *Super Size Me*. In his Big Mac attack, the West Virginia-born filmmaker subjected himself to a radical body change, exclusively consuming McDonald's fast food for breakfast, lunch and dinner over a 30-day period. Not surprisingly, Spurlock picked up 25 pounds and a host of health problems (including a declining libido) during his culinary crusade against the junk food-ization of America.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

This powerful, witty and phenomenally successful documentary debuted at 2003's Sundance Film Festival, where it garnered the prestigious Documentary Directing award. *Super Size Me* became the first documentary to break into America's weekly top-10 box office list and has earned $29 million-plus since its May 2004 release. According to *USA Today*, the film—reportedly shot on a budget of $65,000—is the third-highest grossing documentary ever.

In 2005, Spurlock's newfound fame led him to the FX network, which airs *30 Days.* Reprising *Super Size Me*'s month-long experimental period, the daring reality show throws together opposites on the political, cultural and social spectrum to see if a meeting of the minds is possible. Can individuals from diverse walks of life coexist if they tread a mile in each other's shoes?

For example, in one hour-long segment a heterosexual male is relocated to San Francisco to live with a gay roommate. Another unscripted episode features a Christian fundamentalist who moves into a Muslim household, while a third chronicles a member of the anti-illegal alien vigilante group the Minutemen as a family of undocumented Latinos in East Los Angeles welcomes him to its humble abode.

Meanwhile, the episode that Spurlock's camera crew was filming at the Flynt Building introduces gun owner/carnivore Snedeker to animal rights activists, namely the Barbi Twins. For an entire month the good ol' boy was forced to give up his red meat diet and hunting forays as the guest of a strictly vegan L.A. family. Will they find common ground or shoot each other? To find out, tune in to FX's *30 Days*—and get a glimpse of Larry Flynt's conference room to boot!

—Ed Rampell

never killed anybody. There are militia groups, [like the one behind] the Oklahoma City bombing. There were white supremacists in Texas hoarding chemical weapons [and] who tried to obtain the bubonic plague in Utah. We have all these things happening, yet somehow [the government] decides that we're the biggest domestic threat to security. Obviously, their concern isn't the KKK targeting poor black people; [it's] blue-collar people and students targeting corporations.

SHANE: They value business over human beings. Forget animals. Does this scare you?

FULLMER: To be honest, it's something I've been dealing with for so long, I don't really [care] anymore. I can't even remember having a phone conversation without the likelihood that someone was listening to it—it just becomes a way of life. In a sort of sick, perverse way, it's not a bad thing, because if they weren't listening, it would mean we weren't getting the job done. The fact that we've ruffled feathers tells me that we're on the right path, [that] they're worried about us.

SIA BARBI: When you were in jail, how did other prisoners view you?

FULLMER: It was actually really positive. I was surprised. I expected more of a mixed reaction, but I can honestly say, both with the inmates and the prison staff, I never got a single negative comment. I got lots of respect; a lot of the opinions seemed to be, "That's great that you're standing up for what you believe in." Even a few guards said, "I support what you're doing." I was really encouraged by that.

SIA: Were you shocked when you were handed a one-year sentence?

FULLMER: We thought I'd probably receive a noncustodial sentence because the judge expressed lots of questions about whether or not I should be included in this case—and about the weakness of the case against me. So I was surprised to get the year, but at the same time I was ready for that possibility.

SHANE: We've written for HUSTLER before. HUSTLER has a very good researcher, Mark Johnson, and he was shocked [by the SHAC 7 verdicts]. He asked, "How come I haven't seen anyone covering this?" It's not out in the media purposely. It's very scary to do this interview.

AARON ZELLHOEFER: Looking back, how would you describe your prison experience?

FULLMER: It was frustrating more than anything; it's not being able to do any good for anybody via activism. There's no opportunity to better yourself in terms of education or learning a skill. So just not being able to do any good in the world was incredibly frustrating.

But my time in there led me to a lot of optimism because…awesome things [went] on in terms of animal rights, from legislation in different states passed against the worst factory farming practices, to the more militant end of things, great direct actions. Knowing that people on the outside were still carrying the mantle definitely inspired me.

ZELLHOEFER: Has being imprisoned changed your outlook on the way that you protested?

FULLMER: I couldn't imagine myself not being involved in activism. Right now I'm focused on the appeal because we have to get rid of this law, the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act. It's a horrible precedent, not just for the animal rights movement, but for anybody who believes in freedom of speech, whether that's a labor union, environmentalist or anybody who values their right to speak their mind.

GEORGE SNEDEKER: I can't imagine this whole thing [happening] just for speaking your mind. What exactly didn't they like about what you did?

FULLMER: To be honest, I'm still not sure, even at this point. I'm sure it's intentionally vague. The best I can get from the [law's] wording is basically, if you protest against an animal enterprise and you cost them money, disrupt their business, it's a felony. Which is ridiculous, because the bus boycotts in the Civil Rights Movement obviously disrupted business; that's the point of a boycott. At no point was myself or any of our codefendants accused of committing what we'd normally conceptualize as a crime: beating someone up, stealing something, destroying property—none of that.

SNEDEKER: I guess I can get locked up for just talking, right?

FULLMER: (*Laughs.*) We can definitely say that.

SHANE: Now are we actually supposed to even talk about [tactics]? I heard that even by describing it, you can get in trouble.

ZELLHOEFER: It's up to you, Darius, if you want to answer or not about black faxes.

FULLMER: I'm fine just repeating what was alleged and claimed in the case. I didn't face that charge. That was some of my codefendants. I'm not too familiar with intricacies of the law, but essentially a black fax is a tactic in which people will keep faxing just black sheets of paper to a company's fax number as a form of disruption, to keep them from being able to get faxes through during that time. As far as I know, none of my codefendants were actually charged with participating in something of this sort. Rather, they were charged with addressing the question of what that is and explaining to the people at [an animal rights] conference how it works.

SHANE: One thing I found out: We're even scared to talk about it since we are very aware that they [the SHAC 7] didn't do something heavy duty. Now [companies will attack] anything that suggests a boycott [and might affect] their profits.

The law has a clause that *(continued on page 80)*

"Dammit, Vernon! You're supposed to be teaching the dog, not the other way around!"

"You don't have cable porn?! Mom, sis, c'mon. We are outta here!"

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

I NEED MOORE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

MARLIE MOORE

This striking blonde is far from shy when it comes to talking about herself. "I'm an adult actress/porn star in the making," **Marlie** proclaims. "I'm also a very horny girl. I've been at this full-time for just about two years now and have made just under 20 films. The great thing is that just about everything has been happening naturally. I'm kind of going at my own pace, doing what I want, and it really feels right."

Like most Southern Californians, **Marlie** enjoys being outdoors—even with her clothes on. "I spend my free time hiking," she goes on to say, "and I'm a big sports fan, especially baseball. I love going to watch the Angels play down in Anaheim. I wish I could find a guy who won't *play* games, but would go to ball games with me. Besides that, he has to be okay with what I do for a living and be willing to hang out with me and my two babies."

Kids? “No, not for a long time!” Marlie exclaims. “My babies are two Jack Russell terriers!”

Getting down to her all-time favorite pastime, **Ms. Moore** confesses, “I have a very active sex life, but there is one fantasy that has yet to be fulfilled. I would love to be thrown up against a bookshelf and be ravished by a handsome stranger.” Looks like it’s time to break out your library cards, guys!

MARLIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Sherman Oaks, California
AGE: 25
BIRTH SIGN: Gemini
HEIGHT: 5-5

A REAL-LIFE CARIBBE

Our man in the Dominican Republic uncovers an all-inclusive sex resort.

BY JOE DIAMOND

YOU'RE SIPPING A MARTINI AT A TIKI BAR surrounded by palm trees as a blazing-orange sun sinks beneath the horizon. A pair of lookers clad in nothing but towels around their waists are entertaining you. Their caramel-colored skin glistening, the flirtatious vixens rub their nipples against you as they nibble on your ears and molest what's underneath your bathing suit. You fucked one of these dark-haired temptresses last night, although all that booze makes it hard to remember which one. No problem. You can refresh your memory an hour from now, when you're fucking *both* of them.

This isn't a dream. You're not dead, and you're not on drugs. You're just high on oxygen, as in Oxygen Retreat, an all-inclusive Caribbean resort that offers one very special amenity not advertised at any Club Med: sex.

So how much do you have to fork over for this earthly paradise? Packages start at $1,995 for three days, two nights. That includes the company of up to four girls a day and unlimited food and drink. It ain't cheap, although during my stay I probably guzzled more than two grand in Gran Patrón tequila.

Will you get your money's worth at Oxygen Retreat? That, of course, is subjective. One guy might prefer to buy a big plasma TV so he can sit at home and jack off to lifelike images. On the other hand, I chose to spend a lot of hard cash on the real thing at an erotic El Dorado, where the pussy prospects runneth over.

More good news: The resort has a no-cash-tips policy, but guests' welcome booklets include tickets that can be used for discretionary tipping. If a babe truly blows you away and you want to give her a few of those tickets, it's your choice. But since word travels fast among a relatively small group of guests, the party girls need to be savvy about maintaining the right balance of eroticism versus economics. Any chick who seems overly motivated by gratuities could easily find herself in low demand.

AN FANTASY ISLAND

When I arrived for a weekend at this real-life Fantasy Island, there was no pudgy-faced midget ("De plane, boss, de plane!") or mysterious gentleman in an elegant white suit to welcome me. Instead, I was greeted by Oxygen's huge staff of smoking-hot "hostesses."

As I soon found out, the ladies are willing to do much more than place a mint on a guest's pillow at bedtime. As one of the owners, Mike, told me, "Our girls understand the meaning of *full* service."

Oxygen proudly maintains a two-to-one ratio of girls to its predominantly male guests. With about 40 hostesses on hand during my weekend, it was like being at an international beaver buffet. Among the delicacies were young women from the Dominican Republic, Philippines, Colombia and Ukraine. Mike asked if I wanted to schedule any off-site activities, such as scuba diving. But the only diving I wanted to do was jackknifing straight into a warm, moist muff.

Then Mike handed me the "keys" to this Kingdom of Cooze: that aforementioned booklet filled with blue and green tickets. The former gets you a two-hour session with the damsel of your choice, the latter an all-nighter (*toda la noche*, as they say in these parts).

Oxygen opened in September 2006, and it's apparent that Mike and fellow co-owner Robert—both former strip club operators—know all about catering to men's fantasies and desires. Discussing their remarkable establishment, Mike related, "We're regular guys who've done the single and married thing and decided to create an exclusive resort where men's fantasies can come true, where you can enjoy the companionship of women selected not only for their looks, but also for their personality and cleanliness."

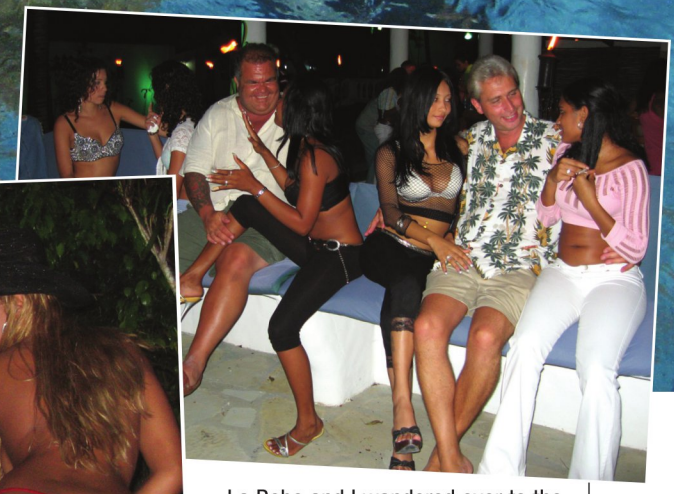
But the two businessmen were also inspired by disappointing sex-industry experiences. "We were not impressed with the escort scenes we had checked out," Mike complained. "Regardless of location—Southeast Asia, Eastern Europe, Latin America—at least 80% of the women were not that attractive, or were just hustlers with no real interest in providing a good time. Also, in a lot of these countries we couldn't find good food or it was extremely expensive."

I tasted the fruits of the Oxygen founders' efforts, not only in bed, but also at the resort's outstanding restaurant, where I gorged on lobster and filet mignon.

As good as that was, it couldn't compare to the visual feast of a lus-

PHOTOS BY JOE DIAMOND

Being surrounded by mischievous, exotic dreamgirls eager to provide "full service" 24/7 is a reality at the Oxygen Resort. Hitting the pool with La Bebe (left) and her sexy sidekicks are guest Zak and co-owner Mike (center).



Bubble-butts galore! The Oxygen babes enjoy playing with each other, to the delight of onlookers.

cious Latina who called herself La Bebe (Spanish for the Baby) sloshing around topless in the pool. "I'm still learning to swim," the top-heavy naiad remarked. *Why?* I wondered. Nature had equipped her with a pair of flotation devices that would have made the *Titanic* unsinkable.

La Bebe and I wandered over to the nearby waterfall, where we were soon joined by Mika, a gorgeous Filipina. (Nothing says "fuckable" like an Asian Barbie doll.) As I admired the Angelina Jolie tattoo on her left shoulder, Mika asked, "You know her?"

"Sure," I BS'd. "I go to a lot of celebrity parties."

"Get her to come here," the cutie pleaded. "You have no idea how much I want her to eat my pussy."

"Everyone says I look like Angelina Jolie," I quipped, pursing my lips. Mika quickly pulled me under the water and kissed me. We resur-

faced, smacking into La Bebe's boobs. "I'm shielding your heads from the waterfall," the voluptuous *chiquita* cooed.

I don't know if Oxygen has a no-fucking-in-the-pool policy, but my balls were becoming as blue as the Caribbean. I invited both girls back to my room, but La Bebe had a previous engagement. Mika agreed to come by in a half-hour.

The adorable Filipina showed up in a white-lace bustier, garters and G-string. When we decided to play in my Jacuzzi, Mika treated me to a mouth-watering striptease combined with lots of grinding against my dick. "Why is your bathing suit still on?" the pixie huffed as we stepped into the tub. Instead of waiting for an answer, she maneuvered it off with her nimble toes. I reciprocated by rubbing a big toe on her sweet spot. A moment later, Mika was eagerly sucking on my dick.

WHO WANTS TO BE TREATED like a king at the Dominican Republic's Oxygen Resort? My fellow guests were all men, but couples are welcome. Like Zak, a programmer from New York, most of the guys I spoke to were single. Of course, some were married and "away on business." Guests were in their late-20s through 70s. Thank God, that vast disparity didn't apply to the hostesses, whose average age was 20.

But nothing is average at this surreal tropical hideaway. Take Elena, a succulent little spinner from Venezuela who celebrated a birthday the day I arrived. The barely legal sweetie stayed with me one unforgettable night. The next morning at seven, someone started knocking on my door. It was Mika, gathering Elena for an English class in town.

"Wanna join us for a few minutes?" I asked.

"If it's okay with Elena," Mika purred, smiling.

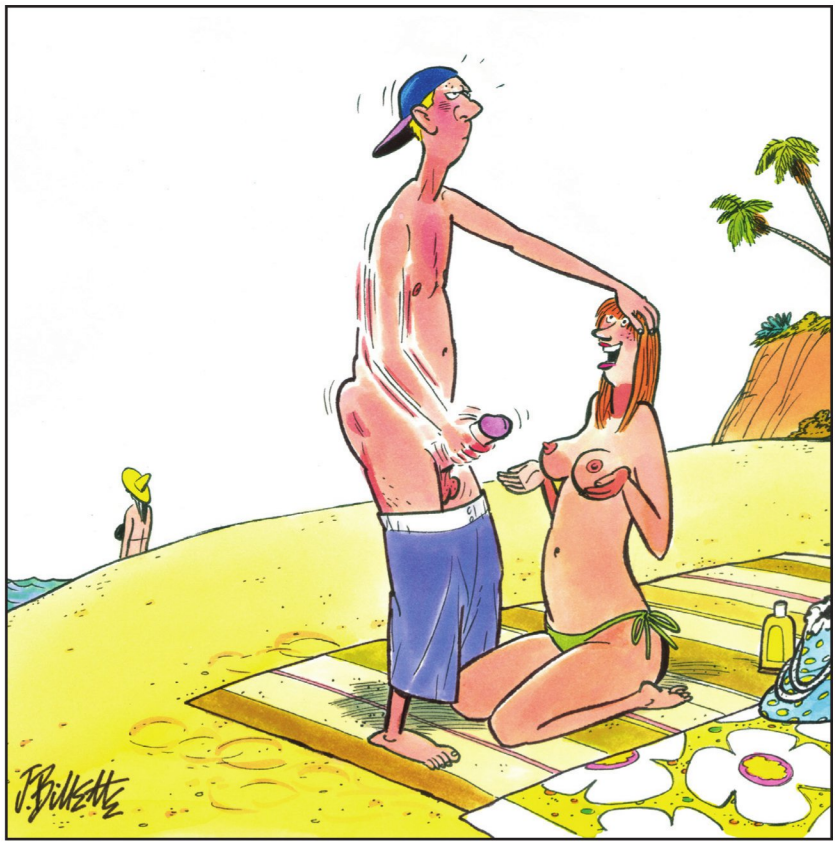
"Elena, would you mind if—" Before I could finish, my latest bedmate was at the door, eyeing Mika like a lioness sizing up her prey. She took Mika's hand and murmured, "I don't mind at all."

The two nymphos devoured each other, their lady lust driving me to the brink of implosion. Then it was time to lavish their attention on me. But you can only tamper with the forces of nature so long. All it took was the touch of Mika's fingers as she rolled a condom on me, and I was gone. Oh, but what a way to go!

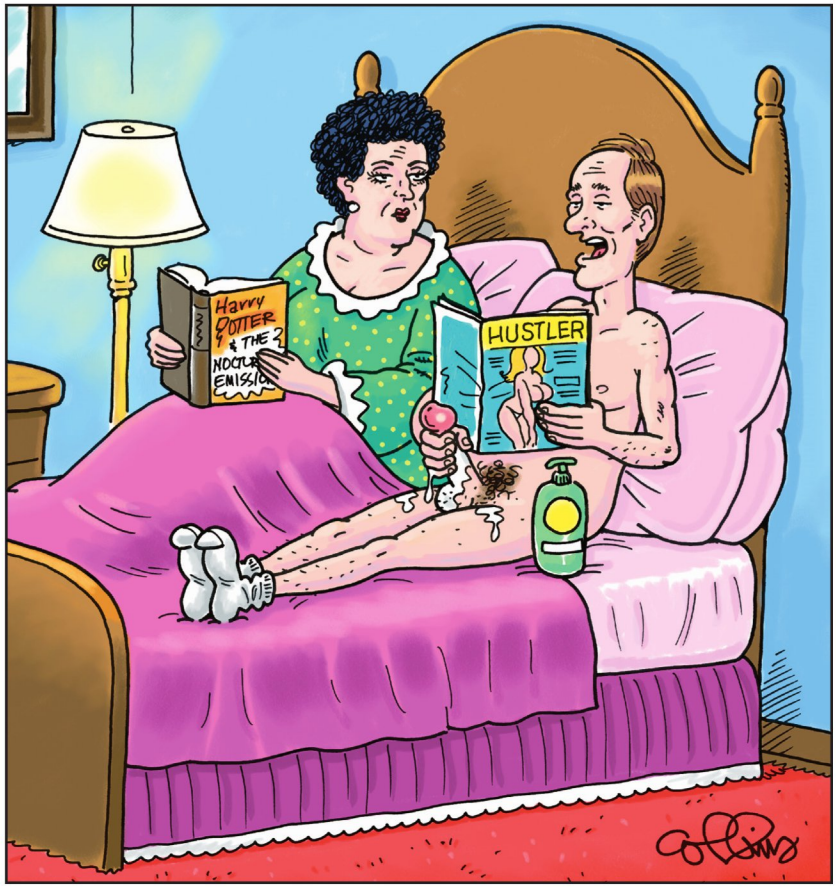
I definitely learned something that weekend: Man cannot survive without Oxygen.

For additional information, visit ***OxygenRetreat.com*** *or call 1-888-96-OXYGEN.*

New York City-based Joe Diamond, who previously penned Cheap Thrills in Brazil (HUSTLER, November '04), has covered sex, politics, crime and entertainment for various media outlets, including the New York Post, MSNBC.com, TV Guide and Maxim's U.K. edition. He is currently working on a book about sex tourism in the age of globalization.



"No kidding, Todd. I had no idea that semen is an excellent sunscreen!"



"I'll quit when it stops being fun."

SCREEN NAME:

Charlotte

AGE: 24

CURRENTLY RESIDES IN: London

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 5,361

The British invasion of our popular MySpace Girls feature continues with this month's eye-catching covergirl. Charlotte, a London resident, is a model and dancer with her own dance troupe, the Narni Shakers, which has performed all over the world in various raves, videos and stage productions. Check out **EverythingCharlotte.net** to see every dazzling move.

Charlotte describes herself as "vivacious, fun and curvy." As a teen, she was a "crazy little girl, loads of trouble, rebellious," but now the well-mannered Brit is proud to be "a nice person and a good friend." Her boyfriend of three years is one of the United Kingdom's top disc jockeys. How do the lovebirds spend quality time together? "Sex in cars and public places," Charlotte confides. Although she's never been intimate with another woman, the idea has always been in the back of her mind. The reason the doll hasn't acted on this fantasy? "I'm too picky!"

Charlotte, who has found loads of work through MySpace, gets a kick out of all the adoring messages sent by male admirers. Stop on by **MySpace.com/CharlotteNarni** and wish the lovely lady luck in her quest to hit the big time in the States.

THE GIRLS OF MYS

BY TYLER DOWNEY

PACE #14: Charlotte

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

Freebie!

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

HUSTLER® magazine

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

FOLD HERE

FOLD HERE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARIOCK

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

Freebie!

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARIOCK

FOLD HERE

FOLD HERE

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

Happy Valentine's Day!

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

Biggest Jackpots in LA

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

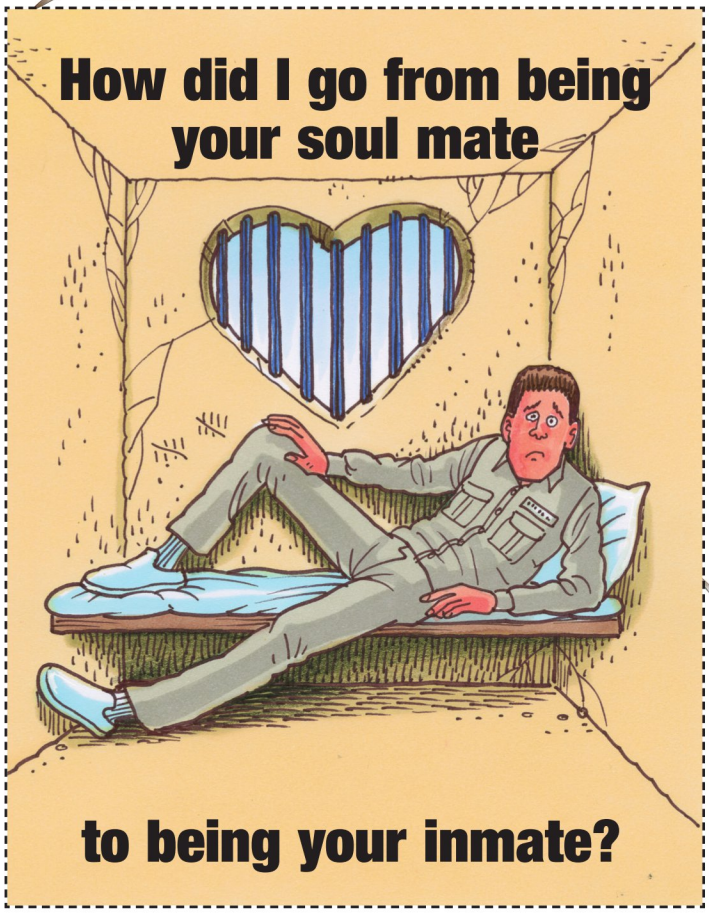
LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CASINO LOS ANGELES

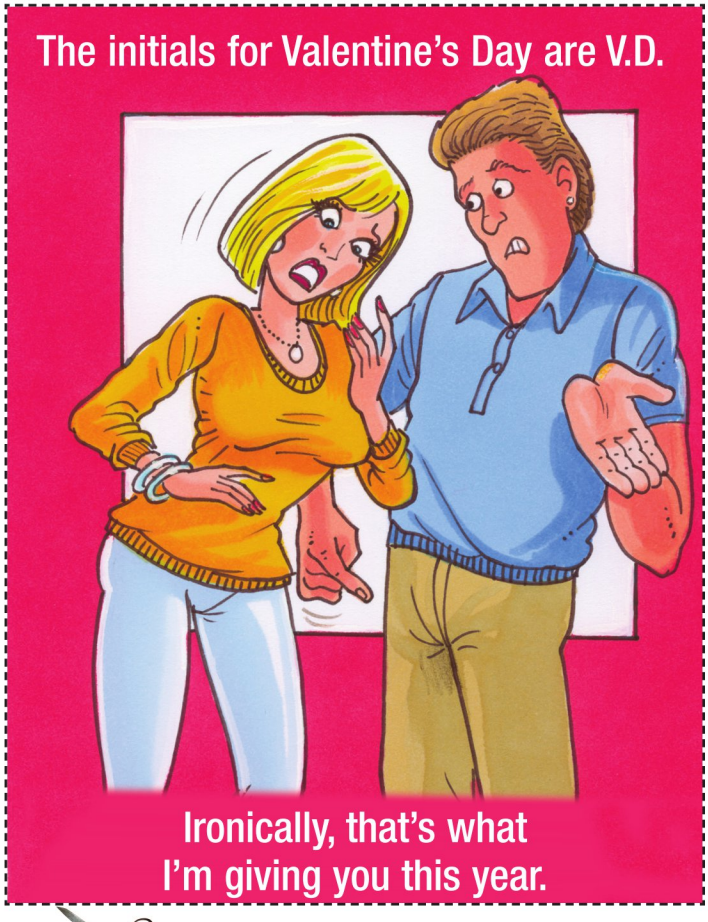
www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 02.11.10

VICIOUS Valentines

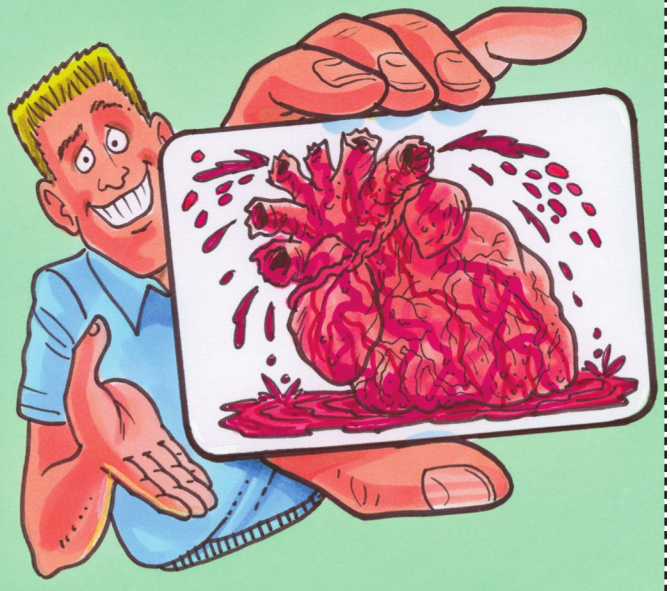
Valentine s Day, that useless occasion perpetuated by greeting card companies, is once again around the corner. Being pussy-whipped, you're probably going to rush out and buy one of those stupid cards. But we've created a batch of heartfelt messages you really want to send. Just cut out our valentines along the dotted lines, glue to a piece of cardboard, then give to your wife or girl-friend. Whatever happens after that is your problem.





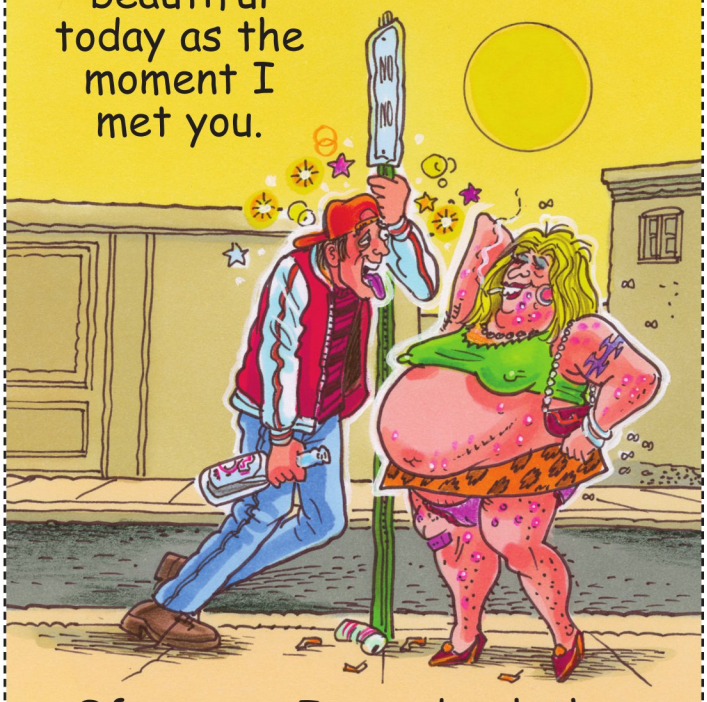
BY KEITH VALCOURT
ART BY TROSLEY

My heart belongs to you.



It says so on my organ donor card.

You look as beautiful today as the moment I met you.



Of course, I was drunk then, and I'm drunk now!

If caring is sharing,

then how about a threesome with your sister?!

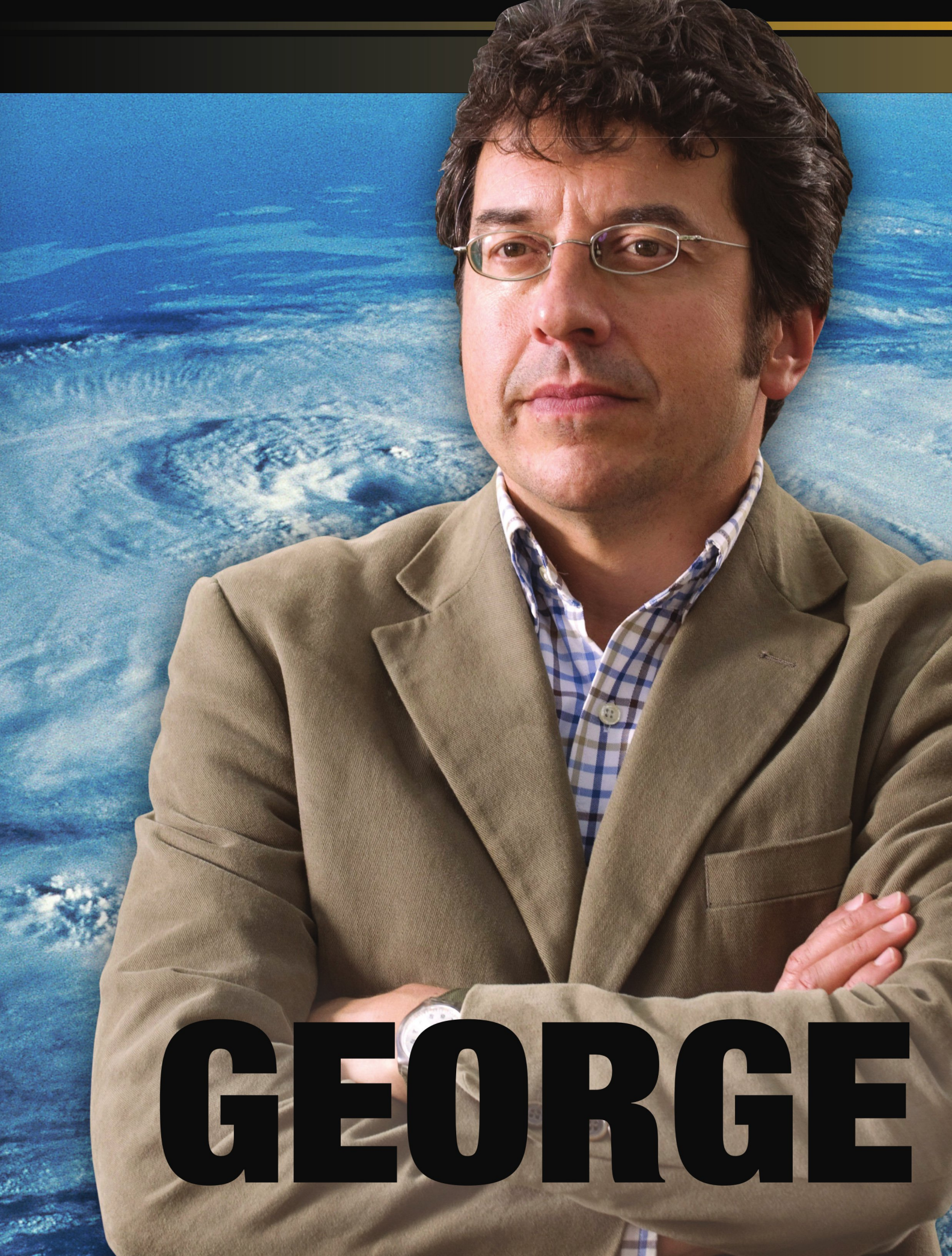
ANDIE VALENTINO
& RENAE CRUZ

JACUZZI RULES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

RULES FOR JACUZZI USE
EVERYONE MUST SHOWER BEFORE ENTERING. THAT MEANS A SOAP-AND-WATER-TYPE SHOWER, NOT A GOLDEN SHOWER.
APPROPRIATE SWIMWEAR IS MANDATORY. EXCEPT FOR HOT CHICKS, FOR WHOM CLOTHING IS OPTIONAL.
NO RUNNING, PUSHING OR HORSEPLAY. FOREPLAY, HOWEVER, IS ACTIVELY ENCOURAGED.
LOUD NOISE IS PROHIBITED IN THE HOT TUB AREA. THIS INCLUDES RAUCOUS PARTIES AND BLARING MUSIC. UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, MOANING AND GROANING ARE PERMITTED. (SEE RULE ABOVE.)
THE JACUZZI IS SHALLOW. THEREFORE, DIVING IS NOT ALLOWED. EXCEPT MUFF-DIVING.
DO NOT REMAIN IN THE TUB FOR MORE THAN 30 MINUTES. EXTENDED STAYS MAY CAUSE OVERHEATING. OR GET USERS REALLY, REALLY WET—LIKE THESE TWO CHICKS.

Watch Renae Cruz (left) getting wet in *Barely Legal POV*, *18 & Easy #9*, *Barely Legal All by Myself* and *Barely Legal 18th Birthday* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

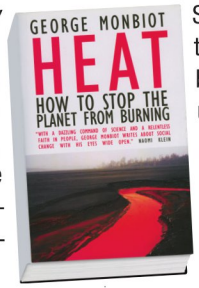

GEORGE

GLOBAL WARMING TOO HOT TO HANDLE?

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND ED RAMPELL

MONBIOT

GEORGE MONBIOT IS A MAN ON A MISSION: to save Earth from cataclysmic climate change. One of the fieriest critics of current global warming policy, Monbiot—a respected scholar and columnist for Britain's *Guardian*—is the author of *Heat: How to Stop the Planet From Burning* (**SouthEndPress.org**). In an illuminating interview, the U.K. "hothead"—who blogs at **Monbiot.com**—puts the heat on the petro-industrial complex, climate change deniers, the do-nothing Bush regime, Al Gore and more. This intemperate thinker is sounding the alarm: The end of the world as we know it may be near—unless governments act and adopt his blueprint for eco-survival.



HUSTLER: What in your background enabled you to write *Heat*?

GEORGE MONBIOT: I come at it from three angles: as a campaigner, as someone with a mostly planet science background and as a writer on political issues. I bring those three strands together by, first of all, getting a handle on the science of climate change, but then more importantly, on the science of some of the possible solutions to climate change, which in some ways was a lot more complicated.

Many naysayers pooh-pooh the notion of global warming. How bad is the situation?

The theory of manmade climate change is as well supported by scientists as just about any scientific theory. It commands as strong a scientific consensus, for instance, as Darwin's theory of evolution. Now there's a new argument put forward by those saying climate change isn't taking place. They say there's a conspiracy of climate scientists who—in collaboration with governments—overstate the problem, and in some cases even invent the problem.

No conspiracy theory could be as ridiculous as that for several reasons. Science is an intensely competitive business; people establish their name in science by challenging scientific consensuses and by seeking to overthrow them. The idea that scientists would voluntarily collaborate in maintaining a consensus position is completely to misunderstand the nature of the scientific process.

The second problem with that argument is it supposes governments, for some reason, work to overstate the issue of climate change. This includes, in the vivid imagination of the conspiracy theorist, the U.S. government. That's news to me. That government in particular has done everything possible to downplay the importance of climate change, in some cases denying that climate change is taking place at all. There are other governments, including the most progressive ones, taking it seriously, in terms of setting the sort of rigorous targets they need. They know they'll run into industrial opposition if they do so. So why on earth should governments wish to join this grand conspiracy and pay the conspirators to exaggerate the threat? Again, that is unexplained.

But open up a major scientific journal—such as *Science* or *Nature*—on any week of the year, and you'll find massive, detailed studies showing that climate change is taking place.

Are the vast number of scientists who dismiss global warming employed by oil companies?

Yes, but there isn't a vast number of them. They are very few in number, outnumbered by climate scientists who say it is happening, by over

100 to 1. Exxon Mobil, and indeed many of those who now claim climate change isn't taking place, were also, interestingly, previously working for Philip Morris and the tobacco industries that claimed there was no connection between smoking and ill health.

What's the connection between the oil and tobacco industries?

One of the major outlets for climate change denial—originally called the Advancement of Sound Science Coalition—was one of these fake grassroots coalitions. Everybody thought it was set up by Exxon, but it was originally established by Philip Morris. The EPA had published a study showing the ill effects of secondhand smoke.

So Philip Morris decided to counter this study by setting up a fake grassroots coalition. But it instructed that coalition—run by a public relations company which Philip Morris employed—not to talk only about tobacco, because if it did so, then everyone would know that it had been set up by the tobacco company. So they were instructed to talk about various other regulatory issues, and topping the list was global warming. There was also biotechnology, nuclear power, cell phones and pesticides, so although it was set up specifically to tackle smoking, from its inception that fake coalition was talking about global warming and several other issues.

One of the other ways naysayers dismiss manmade climate change is with this notion that the sun itself is responsible for temperature increases.

This is being comprehensively dismissed by a large number of scientific papers. In the cycle of solar activity that has supposed to have driven the increase in temperature, there has actually been a downward slope over the past 20-ish years. It's completely out of sync with the rise in global temperatures. In fact, looking at the solar cycle—which is blamed by those who deny that manmade planet change is taking place—we see another very powerful line of evidence that climate change is being coerced by human activities.

How dire is our planet's situation today?

There was a paper published in the U.K.'s *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* [June '07] by NASA's James Hansen, arguing that the U.N.'s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change greatly understated the scale of the problem, because they don't have a proper model for what happens to ice sheets as they warm up. Hansen had some historical analysis of what has happened to ice sheets in the past with global warming and found that they don't melt gradually, as the IPCC presumes. They collapse suddenly. The last time this happened was in the mid-Pliocene epoch, about 3.5 billion years ago. The collapsing ice sheets, fairly similar to those in the Antarctic and Greenland, caused a 100-plus-foot rise in sea level.

How much time would that take?

In the course of one century. Now the projection for the melting of the Greenland and West Antarctic ice sheets—two critical ice sheets, which would have played a major role in changing sea level—suggests they couldn't melt for at least a millennium. But Hansen's new research shows that they could easily melt within a century. And with much less warming than some of the other estimates predicted for this century, so there now appears to be a strong likelihood that both those ice sheets could melt, raising sea levels.

If that's the case, we're talking about the loss of most of the world's major cities. Sixty percent of the world's people live within 30 miles of a coast. And if that takes place, we're going to see disruptions to human activities and settlements on an unprecedented scale.

Would this kind of drastic climate change produce any other cataclysmic events?

Yes. First of all, you have to realize that the sea level rise alone would lead to the total collapse of the global economy, because it would wipe out the major cities in terms of population and economic activity. That alone would cause such disruption and hardship that it would threaten mass starvation, which could affect billions.

But then beyond a certain point, probably about 3.6 degrees Fahrenheit of warming, we could see a reduction in total global crop yields, even as the population continues to rise. This is another means by which climate change could cause stupendous calamities. At the moment, 800 million people on Earth are permanently malnourished, yet we have enough food to feed 1 billion more people than are actually alive. The problem is the distribution of income and of food. If we go into a situation of net food deficit, where there is simply not enough food to feed everybody—even if everybody could afford it—then we are looking at a totally different scale of suffering.

How about superstorms and such?

There now seems to be an accumulation of evidence that rising sea surface temperatures increase the intensity of hurricanes. We could very well see many more events like Hurricane Katrina or, indeed, worse. We will see the drying out of continental interiors and people being deprived of water supplies in many places, such as Australia is already witnessing today. Many parts of the world will become uninhabitable as a result. We'll see a mass extinction of species and a series of appalling cataclysms. There will be far more flooding, because with more energy in the system, we see much more intense weather events of all kinds, including droughts.

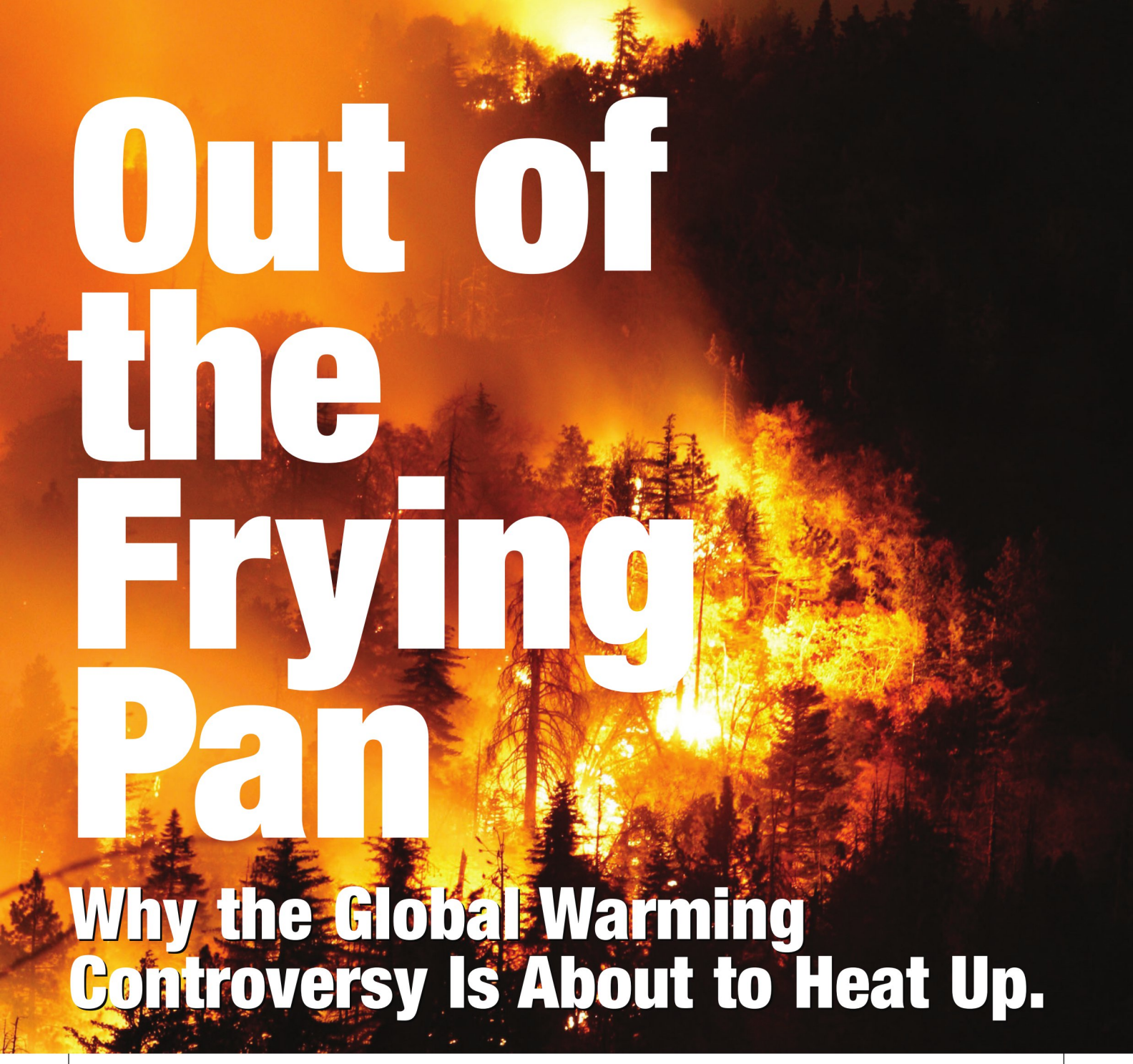
How soon will we start to see drastic impacts?

We're seeing it already. I'm not talking entirely about future events now. Recently there have been devastating floods in China, Sudan, indeed in Britain, and they appear to be linked to climate change. We've already seen the forced abandonment of some Pacific Islands as a result of sea level rises and continual encroachments by the sea in large areas of Bangladesh.

The effects of climate change are already hitting home, yet we've seen just about two degrees Fahrenheit of global warming so far. We're likely to see *(continued on page 76)*

HOME OF TOMORROW?

GEORGE MONBIOT advocates a partial, if unlikely, solution to the global warming crisis: "I've been calling for building regulations in all the rich nations within a few years, to stipulate that new [energy efficient] houses should become common. One of the most exciting ways is a 'passive house,' which requires no heat source. It was developed in Germany, where the winters can get down to minus-22 degrees Fahrenheit—extremely cold. They're building houses that don't have any heating source whatsoever. They get all their heat via solar, gained through the windows and through the body heat of people living in them. Yet they maintain a constant temperature of 70 degrees when people are there. Even when there's no one home, they don't fall below 63.5 degrees, a very comfortable temperature. It's simply because they are built extremely well, very high insulation, no thermal bridges, which allows heat to pass from the house to the outside and ventilated through mechanical vents, which recover heat as the warm air leaves the house."



Out of the Frying Pan

Why the Global Warming Controversy Is About to Heat Up.

BY HARRY WALSH

ONE-HUNDRED-MILE-AN-HOUR gusts roared down bone-dry canyons. Months of high temperatures and single-digit humidity had turned thick vegetation into volatile tinder. Inevitably, Southern California's drought sparked dozens of conflagrations encompassing hundreds of square miles, displacing tens of thousands of residents, destroying more than 1,500 homes and commercial structures, and threatening to leave nothing but smoldering ash behind in wide swaths all the way to the sea.

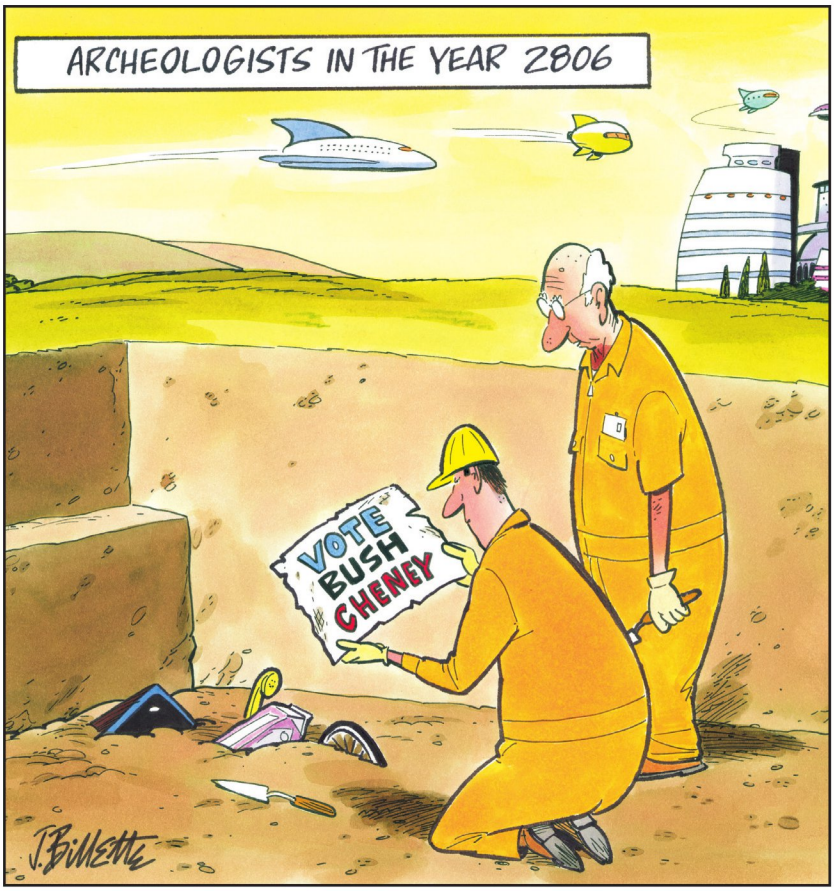
The October 2007 wildfires were called by seasoned firefighters—even the oldest hands at battling canyon blazes—the worst ever. Resources were stretched to the limits, and some inhabited areas were left to burn.

At the same time much of California was ablaze, extraordinary droughts in the southeastern United States baked fields into cracked hardpan, left the sun-bleached piles of boat docks high and dry and put Atlanta within a scant few months of being without drinking water. With no real end to the drought in sight, searches for new water sources are taking a desperate turn.

Global warming?

You could be tempted to say, "Shit happens! California gets fires, and seasonal droughts hit everywhere now and then." But doing so would be to ignore the overwhelming evidence that indicates the extraordinary intensity and increasing frequency of weather-related natural disasters, such as Hurricane Katrina, have been magnified by global climate changes.

We know from recent events that when catastrophes occur today, you need to assume you're on your own, like the Katrina survivors and the owners of many homes



"I believe this dates back to the early 21st century, when an entire nation went stupid."

"Awgh! Totally nude pics of Ann Coulter?! Take 'em away! Take 'em away!"

Out of the Frying Pan

destroyed in California. And you'd better be ready because it is becoming clearer that we are more and more likely to be caught in either an intensified local disaster or a global catastrophe.

Most of us believe climate change is a slow process, optimistically assuming we will have time to adapt. That belief could be delusional. James Lovelock—author of *The Revenge of Gaia: Earth's Climate Crisis & the Fate of Humanity*—suggests major worldwide changes may come as soon as 2020 or 2025.

Lovelock, an independent British scientist who has written more than 200 published scientific papers, has become widely recognized for his analysis of global warming. His predictions tend to be more extreme than those of most scientists, whose predictions regarding the rate of global warming, when tested against natural events—the rate of sea ice melt in the Arctic, for example—are regularly revealed to have been woefully underestimated. We may be rushing toward the global disaster Lovelock portrays, having already passed the "tipping point," meaning the threshold at which environmental changes will rapidly worsen and probably cannot be reversed.

Said Lovelock, quoted in a 2006 *Washington Post* article, "The End of Eden," by Michael Powell: "Our global furnace is out of control. By 2020, 2025, you will be able to sail a sailboat to the North Pole. The Amazon will become a desert, and the forests of Siberia will burn and release more methane, and plagues will return."

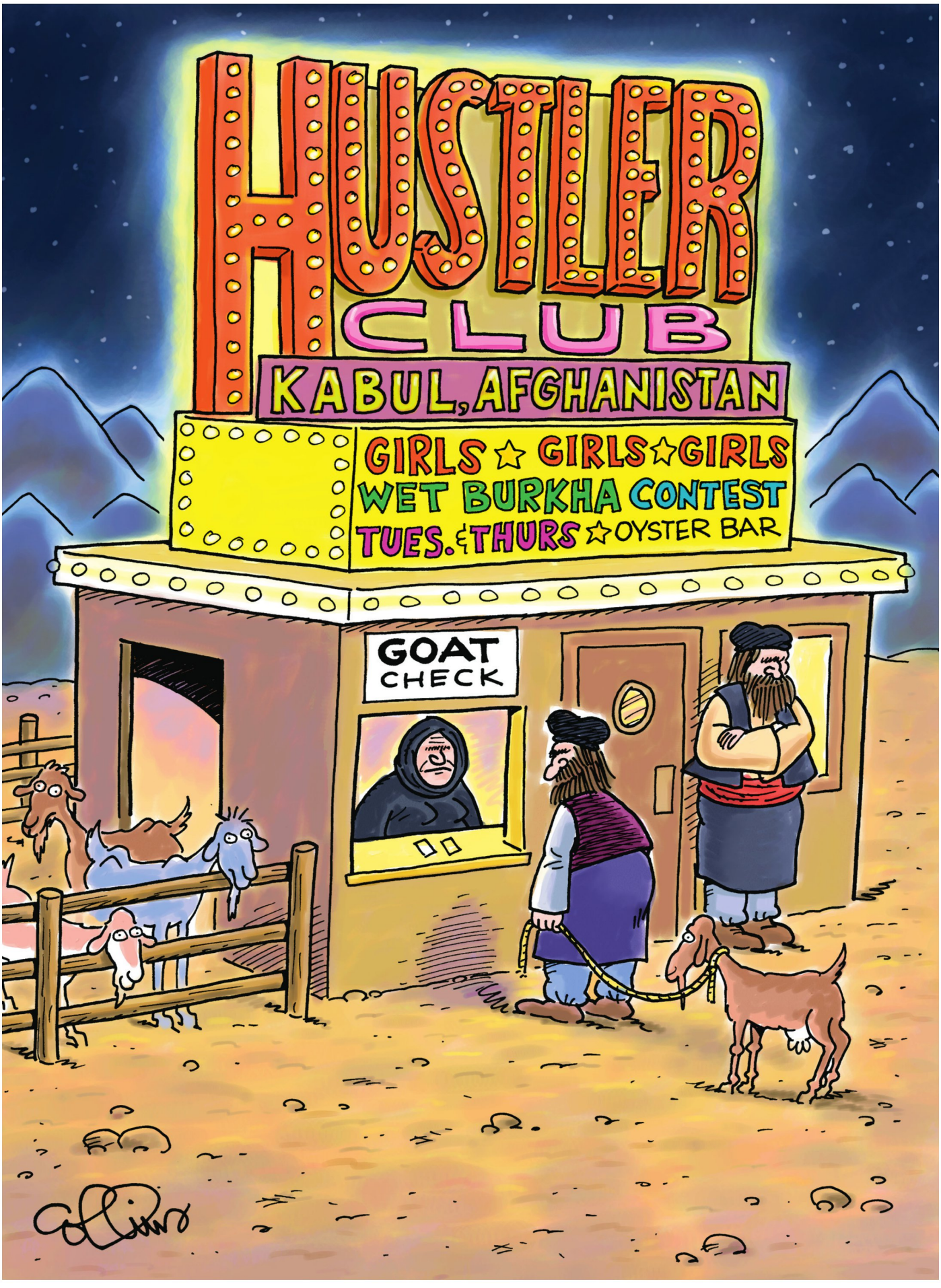
In the same article, Lovelock predicted that within the next decade, Earth temperatures will rise ten degrees, a catastrophic increase that will match temperatures when "crocodiles swam in the Arctic Ocean."

Even the Pentagon has explored the possibility of sudden, catastrophic climate change in a report titled "An Abrupt Climate Change Scenario and Its Implications for United States National Security."

At some point between now and the end of the century, according to Lovelock, all that could be left of Earth's humans is about one-thirtieth of those alive now. The survivors will be a tiny group huddled around the northernmost rims of dry land, while billions are dead, and most of Earth—called Gaia by Lovelock—will be a sizzling, lifeless, Mars-like expanse of rock and dust.

Right now the polar ice caps are melting much more rapidly than anyone thought possible a few decades ago. On September 4, 2007, *The Guardian* reported that "an area almost twice as big as the U.K. disappear[ed] in the last week alone." The melted Arctic ice cap could raise sea levels by two or three feet. That figure doesn't seem like much, but it's enough to flood or magnify the impact of storms on most of Bangladesh and other low-lying countries, atolls, and many beaches and coastal towns and cities in the U.S.

Without the reflective *(continued on page 110)*


HUSTLER
CLUB
KABUL, AFGHANISTAN
GIRLS ☆ GIRLS ☆ GIRLS
WET BURKHA CONTEST
TUES. & THURS ☆ OYSTER BAR
GOAT
CHECK

(continued from page 72) three, four, five times that amount in a century.

The U.S. press barely covers this subject. How is coverage in England?

There's been lots more coverage in Britain, and it's taken place [for a] much longer [time]. In general, the debate about climate change in Europe is much more sophisticated than it is in the States because our political systems haven't been so completely captured by Big Business.

There's no question that Big Business has far too great a role in public life here [in the U.K.], but it's not the comprehensive takeover that we've seen in the U.S.

What do people in Europe, Britain in particular, think of us here?

At the federal level we perceive a complete disaster. We see a President who has long been in deep denial about climate change. Now, finally, it proposes solutions which are just as bad as the disease. Like the use of biofuels.

Do biofuels, such as corn ethanol, leave almost as large a carbon footprint?

They do have a high carbon footprint, but even worse than that, they take land out of food production and set up a direct competition between feeding cars and feeding people. That's a competition only cars can win. There's a very simple reason for that: If someone can afford to run a car, they are by definition richer than someone in danger of starvation.

If you set up a competition for arid land between food production and fuel production, the latter will win. With far less than 1% of the world's transport fuel being produced from biofuels, we've already seen a doubling in corn's price and a near doubling in wheat's price. With a program that George Bush has been talking about—20% of U.S. transport fuel coming from biofuel by 2017—we have a formula for mass starvation.

At one point, scientist James Lovelock said that within 14 years the surviving members of humanity will reside in the Arctic.

I think that's a bit of an exaggeration, but there's no question we are moving into a different climatic era. The Holocene epoch, during which we saw the rise and the flourishing of civilization, is now coming to an end.

Given the rapid changes that have already occurred, should we be worrying about the next five or ten years?

There are many people on Earth who will be worrying about the next five or ten *days* as a result of the impacts of climate change. One of the great ironies of climate change is that most of the world's rich nations are in the Temperate Zone. If we were in the tropics, we would have solved this problem by now because we'd see we're the first in the firing line. But because we are in the temperate parts of the world, which are the most resilient in terms of their response to changes in the weather, we'll be hit last and least by climate change.

Are you worried about the Gulf Stream shutting down?

No, that's a very remote prospect. Although if the Greenland ice sheet went completely in a very short period, that comes back as a possibility. It would mean the end of the North Atlantic conveyor, which brings warm temperatures up from the Caribbean. But whether it would be sufficient to counteract the general warming trend, I don't know.

What's the connection between the corporate power structure and climate change?

That is a very well-established nexus of fossil fuel companies and governments, supported by fossil fuel companies, which in turn support them. They have a powerful interest in preventing the world from taking action to stop runaway climate change. An obvious example is Exxon Mobil and the U.S. government. But there's also the Saudi government and Aramco, the Saudi oil company owned by the royal family. A very large number of coal companies, particularly in the U.S., have been lobbying very hard to prevent action from being taken. And quite a few electricity generation and transmission companies have also been involved. There's no doubt that experts and scientists they've hired have set back the cause of fighting climate change by ten years.

Are you saying corporations—at least in America—dictate global warming policy?

I don't have to assert it; this has been demonstrated. For instance, there was a memo sent by Exxon to the White House about Robert Watson, the head of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, saying, "Can Watson be replaced now at the request of the U.S.?" Bush promptly got rid of Robert Watson.

Lawyer Philip Cooney, an American Petroleum Institute lobbyist, was placed in the White House. His role: doctoring scientific papers on climate change, taking out references to the dangers of climate change and replacing them. He acted as the official censor of scientific statements. After he was exposed and no longer able to work at the White House, he joined Exxon.

In terms of foreign policy, is it all linked together—corporate power, climate change, the Anglo-American invasions of the Middle East—in order to maintain control of fossil fuel? (continued on page 109)

"I gamble with church money, I fondle little boys, and I preach a *huge* load of crap every Sunday! ... Wouldn't you drink?!"

LISA LAMPA
CONFESSIONS OF A

BEST KNOWN FOR HER SPOTS on Comedy Central roasts and frequent appearances on *The Howard Stern Show*, Lisa Lampanelli is billed as the "Lovable Queen of Mean." Living up to her reputation, the insult comic sat down with *Bits & Pieces* Editor Keith Valcourt and let loose with a barrage of abuse.

HUSTLER: Have you ever sent Don Rickles a thank-you note?

LISA LAMPANELLI: (*Laughs.*) No. I thanked him in person. I said, "Don, thank you for letting me steal your act and do it for money. Way bigger than you'll ever make. Fucker!" Just kidding. I met him the other day, literally a month ago. He knew who I was. How fascinating is that when your hero knows who you are?

He said, "Oh, my God, you are so great. You are carrying the torch for us." I thought, *Oh, that's so cute. Now die already so I can fucking do my job!* I mean, when is this dirty Jew going to die? I don't know. Come on! I want to be the only insult comic in America.

In that role, is there anyone you won't insult?

What do you think, asshole? I'm sitting in a porn studio, at HUSTLER, in the freakin' [San Fernando] Valley in California on a Sunday afternoon. Could it be any worse than this?! What happens if I make a nigger joke, and I get in trouble?

Would you insult the handicapped?

Fuck the cripples! Let me tell you about them. My favorite position with a guy in a wheelchair is 69. I call it "Meals on Wheels." This and that. These cripples, let me tell you about them: They are not Crips, like the gangs—the blacks. But the cripples themselves got a good sense of humor because they have been through a lot of crap in their lives. If they can take being in a wheelchair and shitting themselves all day, I'm nothing compared to that. You know what I mean?

What about retarded kids with poison ivy?

Okay, usually in the audience there aren't a lot of retarded kids, but there are a lot of people with poison ivy. So I'll come after them too, bitch. You think I'm scared? Son, what are they gonna do, rub it on me?

Besides Rickles, who are your major influences?

The Dean Martin roasts. Because I'm old, man. I'm 46 fucking years old. I grew up watching that shit on TV, and everyone looked like they had fun, laughing and making fun of their friends. That's my fucking comedy.

How did you get started as a comic?

They told me I could suck a dick for stage time, so I said fuck it. (*Laughs.*) Sixteen years later I'm sitting in HUSTLER's studio. Coincidence? I think not.

Why do you date so many black men?

Hey, come on. You of all people working in this business know this: big f-ing chocolate daddy love. That's what I'm saying, son. And also, I'm a girl with a big ass, so they have something to hide behind when the rent is due. I don't fucking bother with these skinny white devils. I don't need this shit. I ain't no porn star.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

BY KEITH VALCOURT

ANELLI: A DIRTY GIRL

Why do you think so many black guys dig fat white chicks with big butts?

Because we have low self-esteem and hate ourselves, and we'll let them use our cars. That's why. Because they know white women who are fat hate themselves and will pay their rent and utility bills for them. Okay, bitch?

What is the worst pickup line you've ever heard?

Um, "I'm black, you wanna fuck?" Go to my MySpace page, and that's all it is. "I'm black, *beotch*. I'll give it to you good." I'm like, "All right! Could you be a little more original?"

Do you have many fans in prison?

No, I don't, which annoys me, because to me, prison sex would be the best sex on Earth. I swear to God, because it's angry and rough. I like it. And really, if you go to jail, isn't that kind of like Disneyland? For me! That's like a kid in a candy store. All chocolate.

What is the way to a man's heart?

Through his cock, I think. You know what, I can never achieve that. I stink at the oral sex. I just stink in bed in general. So I just try to make men laugh, get them a little drunk, delude themselves into thinking I'm sexy, and there you go. *Hola!*

I leave my bra on during sex. These tits, they can take both your freakin' eyes out because they hang so low. So leave your bra on, you fat whores!

Do you have any groupies?

You know what's weird? All fucking faggots. Gay men love me. I'm not Kathy Griffin gay. In other words, it's not all gays in my audience. But I have like 30% of my audience that are big, honking homos. So those are the ones that travel around and go [*in an effeminate voice*]: "We've seen you six times in the last five months." I'm like, "Great, you got any straight black friends that can fuck me, you goddamn, fucking cornholers?!" I'm sick of it.

What's the worst Valentine's Day gift you've ever received?

God almighty! Dude, that's the one question you stumped me on. Because this guy breaks up with me right before Valentine's Day so the cheap bastard doesn't have to get me a gift. That is why you don't date blacks and spics and Jews no more. I gotta get a regular white guy. Know what I'm saying?

What turns you on?

Nothing really. I gotta tell you, give me a pizza and a good night's sleep, and I'll lick your left nut.

If you had to fuck either George W. Bush, Dick Cheney or Karl Rove, who would it be?

Okay, I don't even know who that last guy is.

Karl Rove was Bush's main political adviser. He was basically the guy who told him what to do.

What does he look like?

Rove is a big, fat, potato-head-looking guy.

I'd bang a fat guy because they are grateful. You know, fat bitches are better at head because they're grateful. So I would have to say him. Or maybe Cheney, because he'd shoot me in the cunt after it.

Any chance of your dating Barack Obama?

Oh, my God, yes! If that horrible wife of his would finally die. I have my death list of people whose wives I want to die so I can bang them, and he's number two. I love him.

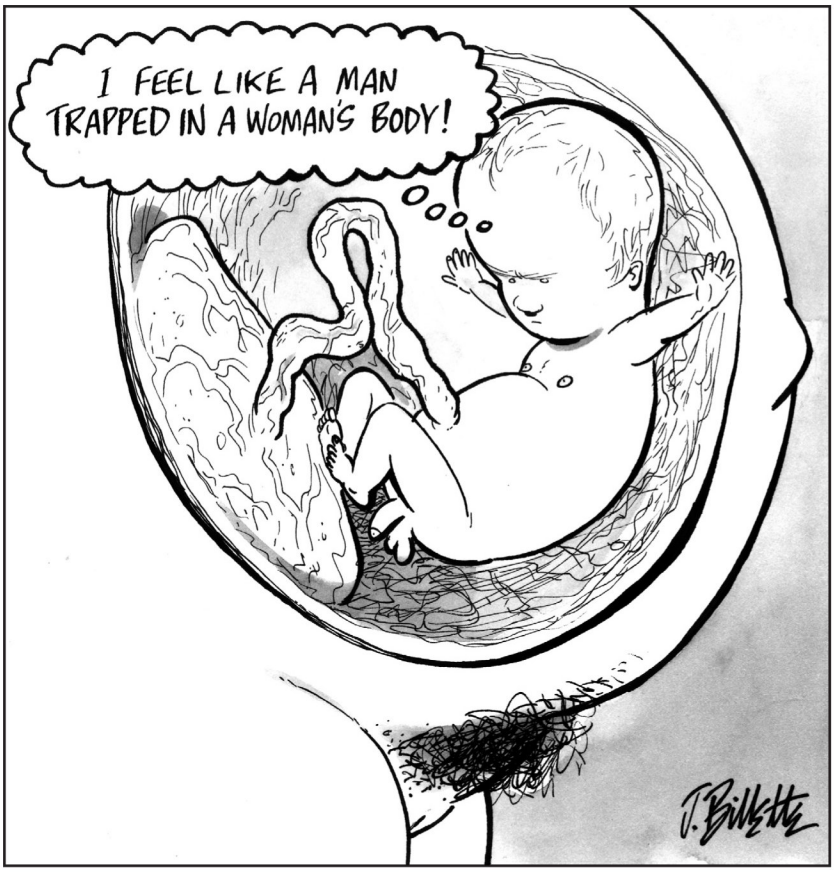
Who's number one?

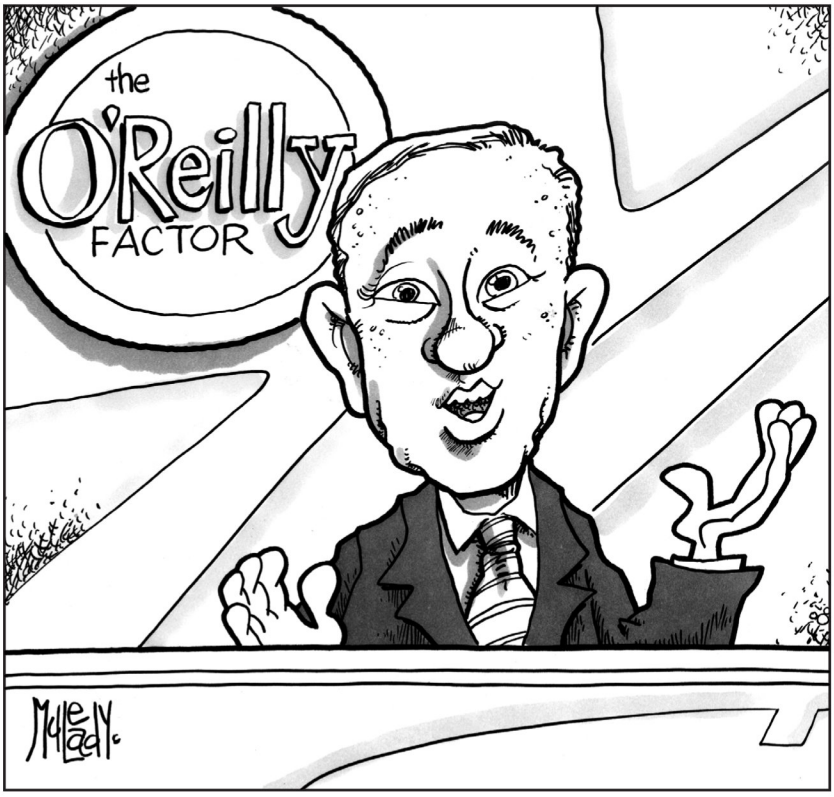
Howard Stern.

Would you ever consider posing for HUSTLER Magazine?

I am right now, stupid! This is as good as it gets. Look, I got the tits going. (*Tongue noises.*) Cleavage happening! Like that? The photographer just got a hard-on. There you go! (*Laughs.*)

RIZE 2
THE OCCASION
WORKS EVERYTIME,
LONG LASTING RESULTS!
AVAILABLE AT:
1-888-749-3244
RIZE2.COM
Same Day Shipping
Made in the U.S.A
Works every time
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
BIGGER X
ALL NATURAL HERBAL SUPPLEMENTS
Only takes one pill. Stays in your system for up to 18 hours
*Excluding biggerx which you need to take 2 pills a day for 30 days
Must be at least 18 years of age to use this product
Best if taken 2 hours after a meal
ALL NATURAL SEXUAL ENHANCERS FOR MAN AND WOMEN





"I was so surprised when I got a blowjob from a black ho in Harlem last night. She sucked my dick, reamed my ass and didn't call me a honky motherfucker once!"

(continued from page 39) pertains only to businesses with animals. For example, Oprah's show has 30 million viewers. When her program described mad cow disease, Oprah stated, "That's disgusting. I'm never going to eat meat again." She was sued by the meat industry, although she won. But because of today's [Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act] law, she'd lose now.

SNEDEKER: How did you affect Huntingdon's business or take money out of their pockets?

FULLMER: The really revolutionary thing about this campaign wasn't just targeting the [Huntington] lab. Let's face it. If you stand and protest outside the lab, they can ignore you. Instead, this campaign targeted *all* the institutions that allow that company to exist, primarily investors, but [also] customers, suppliers [and] insurance companies as well. Anybody who is financially tied to this lab and allows this lab to continue doing what they do was campaigned against.

And if you're some big financial institution—Citibank, HSBC, whatever—you don't want your name in the paper next to a story about animal abuse. You don't want protesters out in front of your facilities or CEO's homes, calling them out on what they're supporting. So the theory behind the campaign and what's made it so potent is that the investors don't need Huntingdon, but Huntingdon needs the investors. And that's why this campaign has been so successful.

The government could care less about Huntingdon; they're not that big of a deal in the big picture. What they're afraid of is the precedent we're setting. When Huntingdon goes under, which I believe they inevitably will, to my knowledge that's the first time a social movement has put a multinational corporation out of business. You know, that's no small thing.

In this world, obviously, the corporations run everything. They're pulling the strings, and for them to lose that power to a bunch of average people [is extraordinary]. There's no big political group or corporate social justice group involved in this campaign—just blue-collar workers, students, what have you, standing together and making their voices heard. Having that sort of impact terrifies the powers that be.

ZELLHOEFER: What's so scary about this case is what the FBI started doing in November 2002, monitoring the SHAC 7's phone calls, e-mails, etc.

FULLMER: When this case came about, just the amount of resources, manpower, hours and money put into this investigation is mind-boggling—literally millions and millions of dollars. I certainly think there are more important things those resources could be going to. If you ask the average person in this country, they would much rather that resources go toward real terrorism, people who want to hurt Americans.

SHANE: When they say on TV, "Seven terrorists arrested," is that animal activists, or is that real al-Qaeda terrorists? That's the real question. We're not that free America, that country that we've been talking about.

For more info, visit SHAC7.com.

ERIN AVERY

MY FUNNY VALENTINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

As Erin displays more and more of her anatomy, the spanking-new model candidly fills us in on what led her our way. “I had done some Internet stuff before and am real comfortable with my body,” she begins. “I have always wanted to be in HUSTLER Magazine because it’s so awesome. I had thought about doing it for a few years now, but it was sort of a dream. While at college I met the right people, and things fell into place.” Erupting into laughter, the naughty newcomer bellows, “So here I am, boys!”

We recommend getting her while you can, because fun-loving Ms. Avery keeps a tight schedule. “I love to go dancing and spend time with friends,” the knockout continues, “but I don’t have a lot of free times these days. I’m studying anthropology, which is a good, well-rounded major for me. I hope to eventually go to medical school.”

So what kind of guy would **Erin** like to play doctor with? "Sense of humor is the number one thing," she tells us. "They don't have to be super-good-looking, but they have to keep me laughing. And he has to enjoy foreplay. I sure do!"

Finally, what does our luscious centerfold want this Valentine's Day? "Not that much," she reckons. "I'd just like to be taken out by a man and have a nice time. I'm not really into flowers or extravagant gifts. Just spending time with the right guy can make the night special. Do you know where I can find him?"

ERIN'S VITAL FACTS
RESIDENCE: North Hills, California
AGE: 24
BIRTH SIGN: Gemini
HEIGHT: 5-6

A drunk walked up to a pair of hotties French kissing in a bar and stammered, "Ladies, I haven't tasted pussy in months!"

"Don't worry," one of the lezzies snorted. "It still tastes the same."

Question: What do they call Viagra for women?

Answer: Jewelry.

A man recovering from a heart attack was advised by his cardiologist, "No more drinking, smoking or partying for you."

"How about sex?" the patient asked.

"Okay," the doctor relented, "but only with your wife. I don't want you getting excited."

Question: What's pink and smells just like pussy?

Answer: Bill Clinton's face.

Joe Bob and Ray spent the weekend at a friend's ranch. As the good ol' boys were saying their goodbyes and climbing into Ray's pickup truck to head home, Joe Bob said, "Thanks for puttin' us up, Lyle. The food was great, the whiskey was the best, and I enjoyed screwin' your wife!"

As soon as they started driving away, Ray turned to his buddy and remarked, "I hope you weren't serious about enjoying screwin' his wife."

"Of course not!" Joe Bob exclaimed. "She's actually a lame fuck, but I didn't wanna hurt Lyle's feelings."

Question: What's the difference between a chess player and a wife in the sack?

Answer: A chess player moves every now and then.

After a night of heavy drinking at his favorite hangout, a man woke up to find his wedding ring missing. He told his old lady he was going back to the bar to see if anyone found it. An hour later he returned, bloody and beaten.

"Honey, what happened?" his wife screamed.

"Well, I've got some good news and some bad news," her husband explained. "The bartender told me her boyfriend found my ring. The bad news is he wanted to know how it ended up in her ass."

Question: Why did the hillbilly walk his nine-year-old daughter to school every day?

Answer: Because they were both in the same grade.

A former NFL cheerleader got a job selling life insurance. When the blond babe finally sold her first policy, she stood proudly before her supervisor's desk and waited to be congratulated. "You did fine, young lady," the stuffy fellow assured her. "I'm really glad now that I took a chance and hired you in spite of your lack of experience. But there's just one thing: You forgot to get a urine sample from the applicant for our doctor to approve. That's a requirement, so remember it next time."

A few days later the eager insurance agent stumbled into the head honcho's office, struggling with the weight of a gallon plastic jug filled to the brim with foaming piss. "What the hell do you think you're doing, hauling that thing in here?!" her boss roared.

The blonde grinned widely and announced with pride, "Sir, I just got everyone from my old cheerleading squad to sign up for a group policy!"

GRAFFILTHY

Bless the strippers who took my cash.
Bless the strippers who let me touch their ass.
Bless the strippers who don't ever ask for a tip.
Bless the strippers with their fake-ass tits.
Bless these girls and their sinful ways.
If not for them, my little guy'd never get any play!

Thanks and $50 go to Tabitha T.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"I hired an illegal to do the work I refuse to do!"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

BACKSTAGE PASSES With Pamela Des Barres

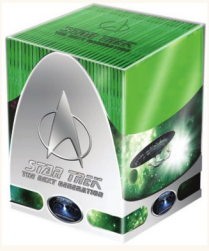
PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

A FEMALE GROUPIE, Wikipedia defines, is "known for the long-standing tradition of being available for sexual intercourse with celebrities, rock stars, professional athletes, politicians and other public figures regardless of the fact that the objects of their obsession may be married with children, or otherwise already in a committed relationship." Not necessarily so, insists Pamela Des Barres, who has written several tantalizing books on the subject. The den mother of rock groupies stopped by HUSTLER to discuss her latest, *Let's Spend the Night Together*. In it she interviewed a bevy of promiscuous gals willing to do whatever it took to get their favorite rockers.

HUSTLER: Are you the queen of the groupies?

PAMELA DES BARRES: Yes. It happened because I wrote the book *I'm With the Band*. There were plenty of us out there, especially in the heyday. Doing what [we] did and having a ball

NICE BOX! A look at the latest CD & DVD Sets.



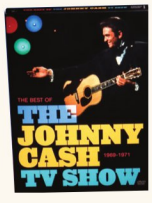
Star Trek:
The Next Generation Complete Series
Boldly go where few men have gone before, only this time with somewhat better special effects. Captain Jean-Luc Picard is on the bridge, navigating through the series' great seven seasons.

Genesis:
1976-1982

This awesome collection, with two others to follow, offers five of the group's classic albums in two-disc box sets with bonus material and DVDs. Featured here are Genesis's breakthrough release *Abacab*, as well as *Duke*, *Wind & Wuthering*, *…And Then There Were Three…* and *Trick of the Tail*.

The X Files:
The Ultimate Collection
The truth is in here! All nine TV seasons and the feature film this groundbreaking paranormal thriller inspired are under one roof. Get ready to spend more quality time with Mulder, Scully, Cigarette Smoking Man, the Lone Gunmen and an army of aliens.

The Johnny Cash Show:
The Best of Johnny Cash 1969-1971



The legendary Man in Black and all his friends are back! Culling material from Cash's electrifying TV show, this two-DVD set features performances from a who's who of music icons, notably Jerry Lee Lewis, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Stevie Wonder and Ray Charles.

007:
James Bond Ultimate Collector's Set
True, die-hard James Bond fans prefer the films starring Sean Connery, but if you want to see every "shaken and not stirred" moment, here you go. Besides the aforementioned Scotsman, George Lazenby, Roger Moore, Timothy Dalton, Pierce Brosnan and even Daniel Craig all appear as secret agent 007. This set is packed with so many extra bells and whistles, even Q would approve.

Bob Dylan: ***Dylan***

Just in time for the biopic celebrating the life of the folk god comes this deluxe, three-CD box set. A truly comprehensive best-of, *Dylan* includes mini-LP sleeves, collectible poster cards and full album art.

with those amazing Renaissance men. I was very hard-core about keeping diaries. I always thought I would write a book since that was such an important time I was living in. I wanted to share it.

How do you define *groupie*?

Usually girls—although I do have one guy in my new book—who like to hang around with groups. Hence the word *groupie*. It is a British term that came out in 1966, maybe '67. I didn't hear it till 1969.

Is it necessary to have sex to be a groupie?

No. You don't have to have sex with them. Of course, a lot of time that *is* the objective, because you want to be as intimate as possible with this person who has made you feel like a crazy, horny bitch.

Why does *groupie* sometimes evoke a negative connotation?

It's getting better again. I hope *Let's Spend the Night Together* will help and not hurt the word. It's just a word, for God's sake. Unfortunately, it became synonymous with *whore*, *slut* or *gold digger*. There are some girls in that category, but a real groupie is just in it for the music.

PAMELA DES BARRES
Bestselling author of
I'm with the Band
Let's Spend the Night Together
BACKSTAGE SECRETS OF ROCK MUSES AND SUPERGROUPIES

What is the greatest misconception about groupies?

That they are willing to sleep with anyone in order to get to the band member of her choice. There's only a handful of girls in history comparatively who have done that kind of thing. Most groupies have more self-respect. They have pretty high self-esteem a lot of the time because they go after what they want. A lot of times people see groupies as submissive, and that's just not it. They go after what they want, and they get it.

Give us a list of your most noteworthy conquests.

Jimmy Page, Mick Jagger, Keith Moon, Waylon Jennings. Waylon was out of my realm. I met him through Gram Parsons. I had to go places I'd never been. Waylon was really smitten, intimidated and amazed by me. I was out of his realm too. It was like two worlds colliding, and we had such a blast.

Because it's cliché, we won't ask if you have any regrets, but of the famous rockers you hung with, are there any you'd like to revisit?

Wow! I think I'd go back to see Mick Jagger because I had opportunities with him that I didn't take. He asked me to go on the road in Europe. I didn't go. I really wish I could have taken him up on them because I had the opportunity to be an actual girlfriend of his—right in his prime in 1970. I only regret things I didn't do. I also could have had sex with Jimi Hendrix. I was a virgin when I met the Jimi Hendrix Experience, so I just wasn't ready for Hendrix to be the first.

Who was the best in bed?

I have to say that Jimmy Page was an amazing lover.

Are contemporary groupies much different from their predecessors?

The intent and desire is exactly the same. That doesn't change. It's more difficult for the girls now. They have to go through all kinds of shit that I didn't to get to the bands now. I just had to knock on the door—a lot of times just knock on the backstage door. Now the girls have to go through so many different channels. A lot of them flash their boobs to get the roadies to notice them. Nothing is wrong with flashing their tits. (*Laughs.*)

A lot of groupies work as disc jockeys, at record companies and as journalists to meet the guys now. They've put themselves on a higher level.

What advice would you give to a girl who wants to meet her favorite rocker today?

I tell them to get into the industry because that's really the only way, although people are hooking up on MySpace. The up-and-coming bands you have a lot better chance with. They can hook up and grow with them and be part of the scene. ■

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

SHE WANTS REVENGE
This Is Forever

On the sophomore release from gloomy dance lords SWR you will find no artistic growth. And that is no problem. Instead, they offer up a discful of the same kind of dark, retro synth pop genius that made their debut CD so damn good.

HOT HOT HEAT
Happiness Ltd.

Can a band deliver an album of poppy, energetic gems that make you want to dance but at the same time still leave you this close to wanting to kill yourself? Yup. This CD is the perfect mix of happy and sad.

ZO2
Ain't It Beautiful

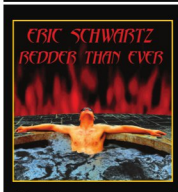
Rock 'n' roll the way it used to be: ballsy, soulful and ass-shakingly good. The ZO2 sound as if they spent an awful lot of time listening to Led Zeppelin and the Black Crowes so they could channel them into this powerful disc.

YEAR LONG DISASTER
Year Long Disaster

Not since we heard AC/DC's *Back in Black* for the first time have we been so rocked by an album. Huge riffs amid pounding drums with hooks to spare blast from this debut. The power trio is fronted by Daniel Davies, son of guitar god Dave Davies of the Kinks.

THE PIPETTES
We Are the Pipettes

If Amy Winehouse had three much hotter sisters, and all of them had their shit together, they would be the Pipettes. This CD delivers a likable slice of modernized 1960s girl group pop with a twist of Motown courtesy of present-day England.



ERIC SCHWARTZ
Redder Than Ever

Blending politically savvy comedy with music has always been a slippery slope. Eric Schwartz knows just how to meld funny and funky. He rips on everything from Ashlee Simpson to Michael McDonald and the George Foreman Grill. But Schwartz's favorite subject has to be George W. Bush and his cronies, as you'll hear in "Keep Your Jesus Off My Penis."

(continued on page 100)

FLASHBACK FAVES

Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

The Motels' Grand Reopening

Martha Davis and her new lineup.

RECENTLY WE SAT DOWN WITH the lead singer and founder of the Motels, Martha Davis. Here's what she's been up to.

HUSTLER: What is your favorite memory from the height of your fame in the 1980s?

MARTHA DAVIS: Oh, God, trick question. You know the height of success is often the pit of despair. "Only the Lonely" is a classic example of how I was feeling, which was everything was beautiful, riding around in limos, getting the roses and the champagne, but really not being too happy in my own life. There is glitz and there is glam, and all that burns off quick. The best part was meeting great people. I met James Brown and David Bowie.

Your old label, Capitol Records, pushed your sexy image. Do you think it took away from the music?

I insisted that we didn't use the pretty-face routine. Because in those days I could take a mug shot [glamorous photo] if I needed to, but I was in this game because of my songwriting. Not my voice. Not my face. I just wanted to pay attention to the music. Because I didn't want people to do what I and everyone does, which is stereotype people and go, "Oh, pretty girl, she might maybe write the lyrics but not music. If she is that pretty, she can't."

Many of your songs are about loss and pain. Are you sad by nature?

I am a very optimistic, very happy person, but I have been through some shit. I am able to be optimistic and able to be happy because through my songs I get rid of a lot of that darkness.

What is the greatest song you have ever written?

It is always the next one, isn't it? The ones that you like the best are the ones that are true and resonate for a long time. "Counting," off the first album—even though it wasn't a huge hit—has something that every time it gets played, it does something to people. "Only the Lonely" does that thing too.

How did the Motels come back?

I was living in Ventura County, California, just hanging out. Then a promoter called and said there was a gig paying $20,000, and I was like, "Whoa, damn! I could use $20,000." I then went around Ventura and started all over again with a garage band of young guys that had never been signed to a label.

Is it weird to be part of a band with young guys?

No, there is an energy that I get with this lineup that I totally need and love.

What is the most rock star thing you've ever done?

The most rock star thing? I probably don't remember because I was probably too fucking drunk to remember it.

Did you have any groupies?

I think it's different for women rockers a little bit. I don't think that there is that drive to just go out and see how many you can nail in a night. Women are just up for one good one. Not to say I didn't have the occasional affair.

What are the new CDs like?

There is a new album coming out in Australia of covers of Motels songs. I re-arranged them. It is tied in with a tour we are doing down there—part of a series of acoustic albums a label down there does where artists do stripped-down versions of the hits. I did some arrangements with just me and my acoustic guitar. We are trying to find a home to release it in the U.S. as well.

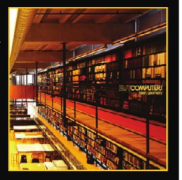
Do you still enjoy being Martha Davis of the Motels?

Hell, yes! I'm one hundred percent Martha Davis of the Motels. ■

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

FAST COMPUTERS
Heart Geometry



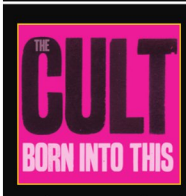
Wonderful, tinny slice of electro pop heaven. Imagine if the Postal Service met up with the Human League to play some old-school Nintendo, and someone recorded it on a tape recorder to play back to you over the phone. It might sound a lot like this addictive CD.

MINISTRY
The Last Sucker

Goodbye Al Jourgensen and the guys who played in Ministry with you. You gave us so many solid records over the years. You were never afraid to break new ground with bludgeoning sounds while railing against the establishment. On this, your final Ministry CD, you don't disappoint.

SOULSAVERS
It's Not How Far You Fall, It's the Way You Land

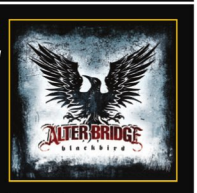
A pair of U.K.-based producers team up with Screaming Trees/Queens of the Stone Age vocalist Mark Lanegan for a dark and eerie ride through the musical underground. This wonderfully sad disc would make the perfect soundtrack for a funeral.



THE CULT
Born Into This

The Cult is back! What do you mean you don't care? We're talking about Ian Astbury and Bill Duffy! The seminal 1980s hard rock group that kicked your ass with "She Sells Sanctuary" and "Love Removal Machine" is back! Man, you sure are a bunch of jaded fucks.

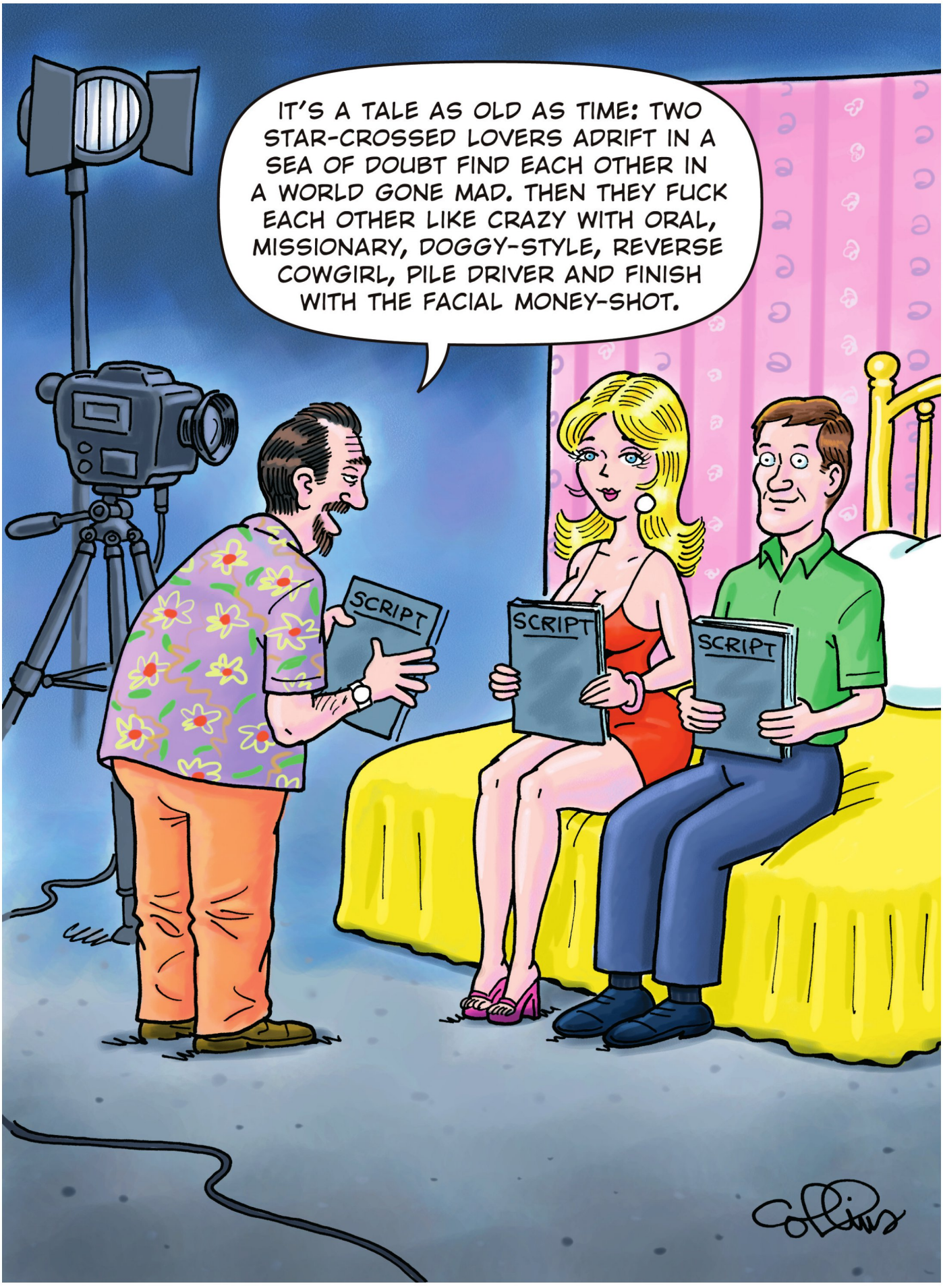
ALTER BRIDGE
Blackbird



Proving once again that any band without Scott Stapp is a very good thing, the former Creed guys return with their follow-up to the platinum-selling *One Day Remains*. *Blackbird* delivers exactly the heaping helping of mainstream rock with quiet Christian undertones you've come to expect.

ENDEVERAFTER
Kiss or Kill

Open up head. Remove brain. Get ready to rock! Although forced at times, Endeverafter's debut is a nice, sleaze-packed dirty rocker. This release could have easily been from the 1980s at the zenith of heavy metal's popularity, but it's not.


IT'S A TALE AS OLD AS TIME: TWO STAR-CROSSED LOVERS ADRIFT IN A SEA OF DOUBT FIND EACH OTHER IN A WORLD GONE MAD. THEN THEY FUCK EACH OTHER LIKE CRAZY WITH ORAL, MISSIONARY, DOGGY-STYLE, REVERSE COWGIRL, PILE DRIVER AND FINISH WITH THE FACIAL MONEY-SHOT.
SCRIPT
SCRIPT
SCRIPT

EXPOSÉ BY
K.K. LE ROQUE

Astounding Flashdancer

TO BE HONEST, we've never watched *Dancing With the Stars*. The only thing we know about the ultrapopular ABC offering is that our girlfriends and Howard Stern love it, plus a bunch of has-been celebrities do the hustle with various hotties.

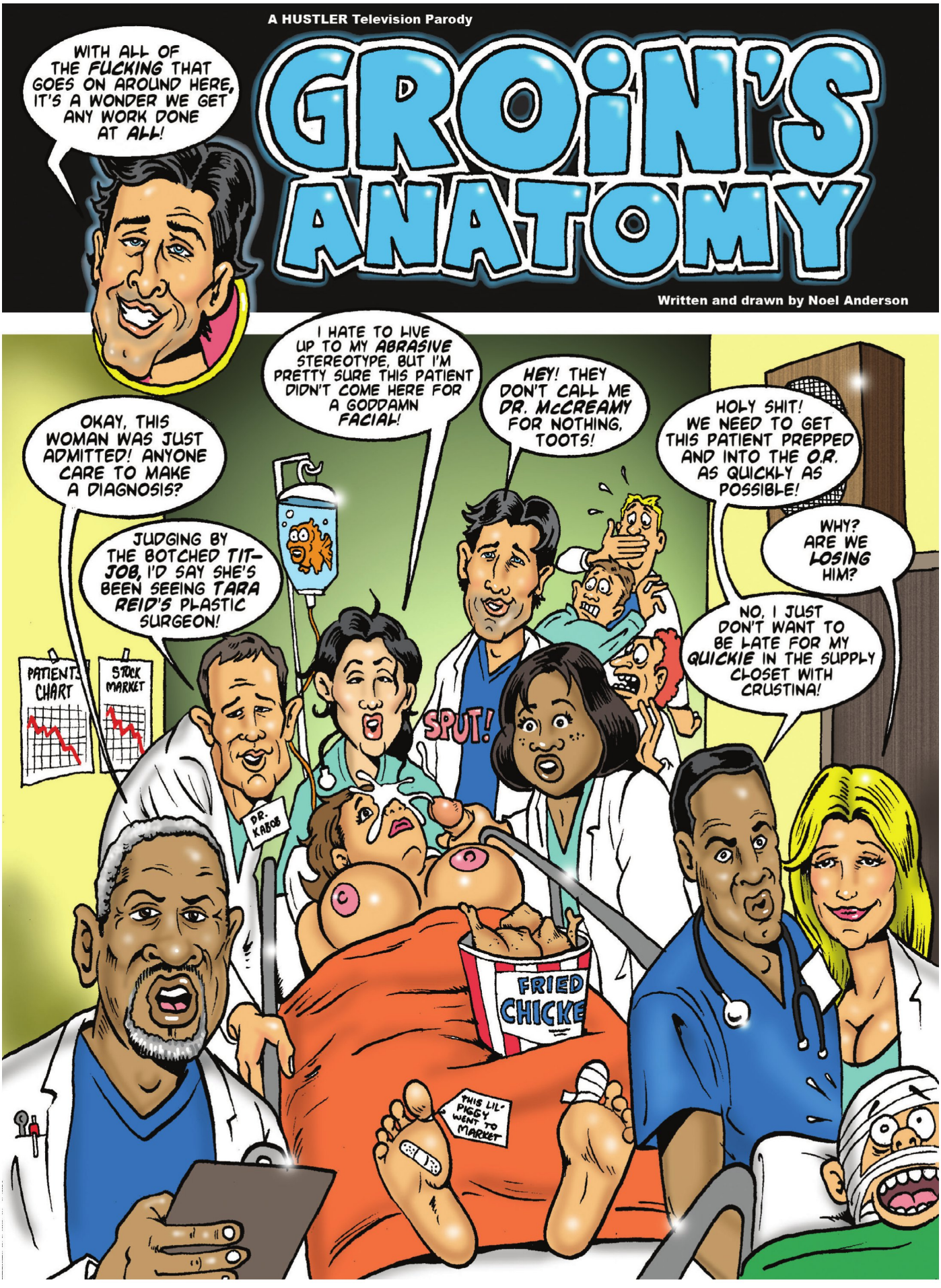
Here one of its sexiest participants, the lovely and leggy **Karina Smirnoff**, has been caught between takes as her robe unexpectedly slips, revealing the doll's breathtaking behind. A true godsend, the Ukrainian-born professional dancer has appeared on the hit show for the past three seasons. In 2006, Karina paired up on the air with *Saved by the Bell* star Mario Lopez and is now his girlfriend. Man, what a lucky bastard!

Got any risqué pictures of a famous figure? If you sell them to us, we can show them to the world. You know you want to. So don't delay. Contact us at ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com*** about publishing them.

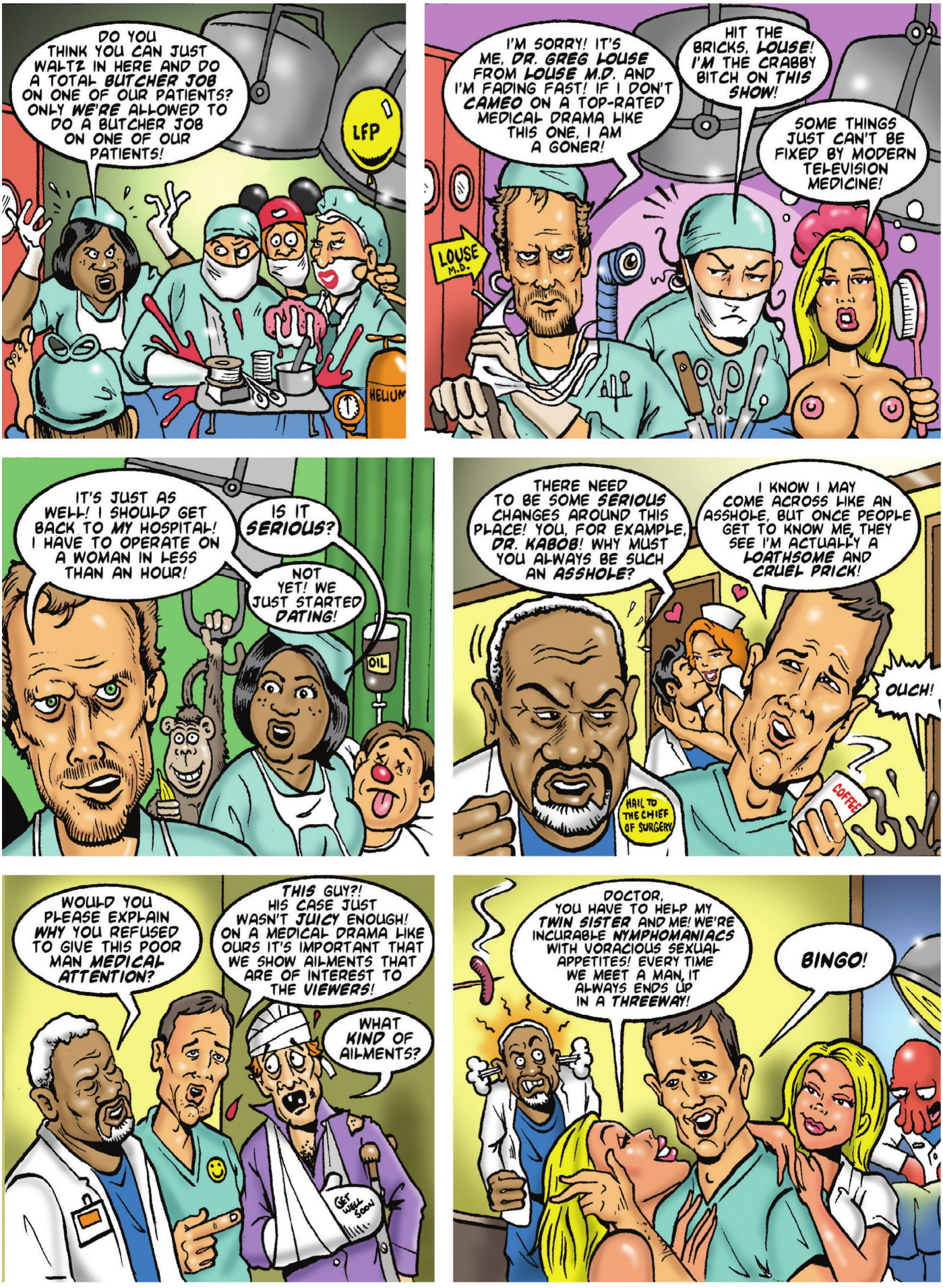
A HUSTLER Television Parody

GROiN'S ANATOMY

Written and drawn by Noel Anderson


WITH ALL OF THE FUCKING THAT GOES ON AROUND HERE, IT'S A WONDER WE GET ANY WORK DONE AT ALL!
I HATE TO LIVE UP TO MY ABRASIVE STEREOTYPE, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE THIS PATIENT DIDN'T COME HERE FOR A GODDAMN FACIAL!
HEY! THEY DON'T CALL ME DR. McCREAMY FOR NOTHING, TOOTS!
OKAY, THIS WOMAN WAS JUST ADMITTED! ANYONE CARE TO MAKE A DIAGNOSIS?
JUDGING BY THE BOTCHED TIT-JOB, I'D SAY SHE'S BEEN SEEING TARA REID'S PLASTIC SURGEON!
HOLY SHIT! WE NEED TO GET THIS PATIENT PREPPED AND INTO THE O.R. AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!
WHY? ARE WE LOSING HIM?
NO, I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR MY QUICKIE IN THE SUPPLY CLOSET WITH CRUSTINA!
PATIENT CHART
STOCK MARKET
DR. KABOB
SPUT!
FRIED CHICKE
THIS LIL' PIGGY WENT TO MARKET

CRUSTINA, I THINK IT'S SO UNFAIR THAT EVERYONE THINKS OF YOU AS BEING COLD AND ABRASIVE! I DON'T THINK OF YOU THAT WAY AT ALL!
WHEN I'M WITH YOU, I SEE THAT YOU'RE A SENSITIVE AND CARING SOUL! IF ONLY THE OTHERS COULD SEE WHAT A GENTLE SPIRIT YOU ARE!
PUT LITTER IN ITS PLACE!
QUIT TALKING LIKE A BIG PUSSY, DR. FUCKS! MAKE MY ASS LOOK LIKE A GLAZED DONUT!
SIGH! HERE COMES THE CREAM FILLING!
HEY, O'MURKY! WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MOST REWARDING PART ABOUT BEING AN INTERN AT SEATTLE GROSS? THE LEARNING EXPERIENCE? THE BOND WE FORM WITH THE PATIENTS?
COFFEE
NOPE! THE ROOMING HOUSE I SHARE WITH YOU AND EASY! TALK ABOUT YOUR MAJOR MEDICAL BENEFITS! VA-VA-VOOM!
HORN FLAKES
HOLY CRAP! WHO'S THE NEW DOCTOR? HE OPERATES LIKE SOME KIND OF QUACK!
YOU CAN CALL ME A QUACK IF YOU WANT, BUT YOU CAN'T DUCK MY BILL!
NOW THIS IS SOMETHING I WON'T STAND FOR!
AN UTTER DISPLAY OF INEPTITUDE IN THE OPERATING ROOM?
NO! JOKES SO BAD THAT THEY BELONG ON AN EPISODE OF SCRUBS!
SPLORT!
SPLITCH
BEER
IDIOTS GUIDE TO SURGERY
POP
BIG SIP
ACK!


DO YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST WALTZ IN HERE AND DO A TOTAL BUTCHER JOB ON ONE OF OUR PATIENTS? ONLY WE'RE ALLOWED TO DO A BUTCHER JOB ON ONE OF OUR PATIENTS!
LFP
HELIUM
I'M SORRY! IT'S ME, DR. GREG LOUSE FROM LOUSE M.D. AND I'M FADING FAST! IF I DON'T CAMEO ON A TOP-RATED MEDICAL DRAMA LIKE THIS ONE, I AM A GONER!
HIT THE BRICKS, LOUSE! I'M THE CRABBY BITCH ON THIS SHOW!
SOME THINGS JUST CAN'T BE FIXED BY MODERN TELEVISION MEDICINE!
LOUSE M.D.
IT'S JUST AS WELL! I SHOULD GET BACK TO MY HOSPITAL! I HAVE TO OPERATE ON A WOMAN IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!
IS IT SERIOUS?
NOT YET! WE JUST STARTED DATING!
OIL
THERE NEED TO BE SOME SERIOUS CHANGES AROUND THIS PLACE! YOU, FOR EXAMPLE, DR. KABOB! WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS BE SUCH AN ASSHOLE?
I KNOW I MAY COME ACROSS LIKE AN ASSHOLE, BUT ONCE PEOPLE GET TO KNOW ME, THEY SEE I'M ACTUALLY A LOATHSOME AND CRUEL PRICK!
OUCH!
HAIL TO THE CHIEF OF SURGERY
COFFEE
WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN WHY YOU REFUSED TO GIVE THIS POOR MAN MEDICAL ATTENTION?
THIS GUY?! HIS CASE JUST WASN'T JUICY ENOUGH! ON A MEDICAL DRAMA LIKE OURS IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE SHOW AILMENTS THAT ARE OF INTEREST TO THE VIEWERS!
WHAT KIND OF AILMENTS?
GET WELL SOON
DOCTOR, YOU HAVE TO HELP MY TWIN SISTER AND ME! WE'RE INCURABLE NYMPHOMANIACS WITH VORACIOUS SEXUAL APPETITES! EVERY TIME WE MEET A MAN, IT ALWAYS ENDS UP IN A THREEWAY!
BINGO!

THE HORMONES YOU GAVE ME REALLY HELPED, BUT MAYBE YOU'RE GIVING ME TOO MUCH! I'VE STARTED GROWING HAIR IN PLACES I'VE NEVER GROWN HAIR BEFORE!
A LITTLE HAIR GROWTH IS A PERFECTLY NORMAL SIDE EFFECT OF TESTOSTERONE! JUST WHERE HAS THIS HAIR APPEARED?
ON MY BALLS!
YOUR NAME HERE!
CHIEF PUSSY INSPECTOR
BIG BONE SPECIALIST
MERILESS, I NEED YOU TO ASSIST ME! I NEED TO OPERATE ON THAT GUY OVER THERE!
SOUPS ON!
THAT GUY DOESN'T NEED AN OPERATION! HE'S PERFECTLY HEALTHY!
DON'T WORRY! HE'S GOT EXCELLENT HEALTH COVERAGE...I'M SURE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM!
DESK
E.R.
DREK! IS THIS OPERATION ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY?
FOR HIM? NOT REALLY! FOR ME? YES, IF I EVER EXPECT TO WIN AN EMMY FOR A HEAVY DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE OPERATING ROOM!
UNION
ABC
SCRIPT
NETWORK PROP. DEPT.
WE'VE GOT A HUGE PROBLEM, STAFF! A DIRECTOR IS COMING HERE TO SHOOT A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT SEATTLE GROSS! THIS COULD CREATE A LOT OF PUBLICITY FOR THE HOSPITAL!
SO, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
THE DIRECTOR IS MICHAEL MOORE!
HEY! LET'S MAKE A MOVIE, SICKOS!
HEALTH CRISIS
THE END

(continued from page 76) The link is not necessarily direct ones, but there are linkages. There's no question about it. In the U.S. much of the linkage takes place around Dick Cheney, who has powerful oil interests and was one of the leading neocons demanding the invasion of Iraq. The Vice President has seriously resisted any effort to deal with climate change.

Most governments in Europe have a very active climate change program, but none go as far as the science demands. And what the science says is that we need a global cut, around 60%, by 2030.

We thought you advocated 90% reduction?

That's right. A global cut of 60% translates in the rich nations to a national cut of approximately 90%. That is, if we're all to head for an equal level of carbon dioxide production. My book shows how that cut can be achieved without bringing industrial civilization to an end. I looked, sector by sector, at the economy to see the most painless way of producing a 90% cut in our carbon emissions. There's one sector for which there are no technological solutions: aviation. In all other cases, yes, we need a great improvement in energy efficiency, but we also have to produce our energy by completely different means.

Regarding solutions, what can our readers do?

Actually, people at home can do almost nothing to stop climate change. The reason is that without action at the level of the nation, where the government intervenes and takes action, our efforts are completely useless.

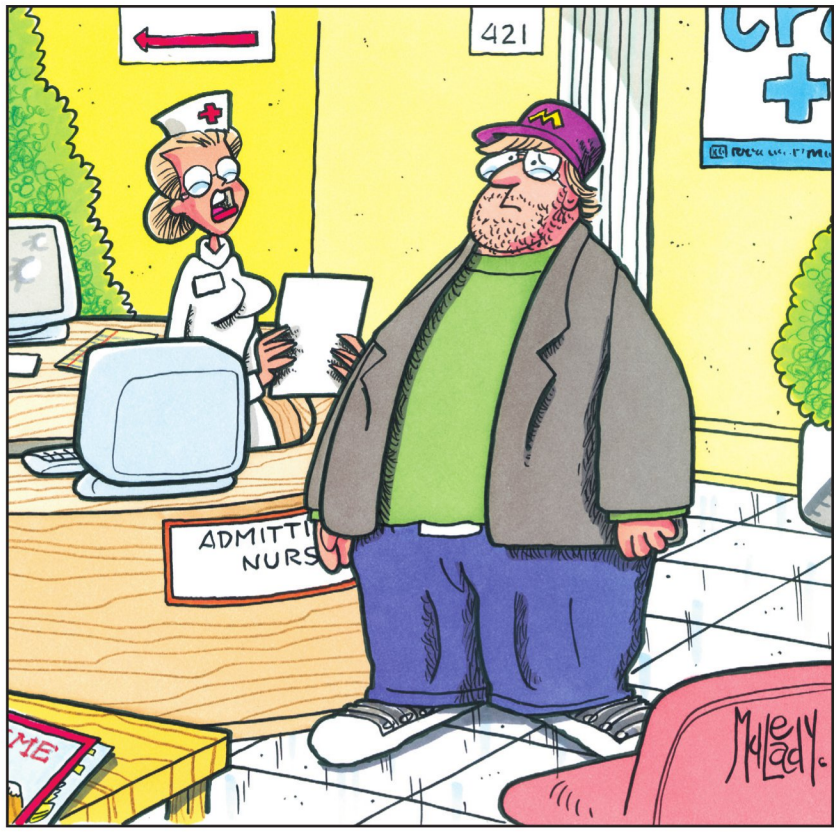
What I'm calling for in *Heat* is national-scale solutions, driven by political campaigning. I'm saying, "Everybody's telling you to be better consumers. That solves nothing. You primarily have to be better citizens." Of course, we have to reduce our own impact, but in the wider scheme of things it's going to make no difference unless we have a government that says everybody's going to reduce their own impact.

You disagree with Al Gore, who ends *An Inconvenient Truth* with suggestions regarding how individuals could go home and change things.

It was a brilliant film up to the last five minutes. Then he almost threw it all away by saying, "You just need to change your light bulbs, get a better car and, hey, presto, the problem's solved." It's a lot tougher than that. It requires action on a much wider scale than he suggested in the documentary, as he knows well. But I suspect he wouldn't have won his Oscar if he'd revealed a few more inconvenient truths: It's not nearly so easy to deal with this problem; you have to have much more intervention by government than the one we have at the moment in the U.S.

His description of the science of climate change was excellent. His handling of the solutions was appalling. I was very disappointed at the way Gore didn't engage properly with the solutions.

As far as climate change is concerned, unless we're developing alternative energy instead of fossil fuels—rather than in addition to fossil fuels—we're not going to solve the problem.



"We're denying you coverage, Mr. Moore, because of your preexisting fat condition, brought on by being a successful movie director."

"Okay, Herb, you sick bastard. I let you tie me up. Now what?!"

Out of the Frying Pan

"The planet has a fever. If your baby has a fever, you go to the doctor. If the doctor says you need to intervene here, you don't say, 'Well, I read a science fiction novel that told me it's not a problem.' If the crib's on fire, you don't speculate that the baby is flame-retardant. You take action." *—Al Gore, testifying at a March 2007 Senate Environment Committee hearing on global climate change.*

(continued from page 74) power of the ice cap, Arctic waters will absorb more heat. The newly warmed, darker tundra will take in solar heat and release huge amounts of methane gas, trapped in the frozen terrain for centuries.

Methane is a greenhouse gas that, like the darkened Arctic waters, also will accelerate global warming. Wild polar bears will be extinct by 2050, along with other species.

Moderates suggest that Greenland's glaciers, which hold huge deposits of water, will take decades, maybe centuries to melt. But researchers less conservative in their estimates note other factors, such as the melt water finding its way to the bottom of the glaciers, where ice meets rock. That melt water would become a lubricant, accelerating the motion of the glacier toward the sea, where—in a short time—the resultant icebergs would melt. No one knows how fast these glaciers are melting, but when they are gone, all agree they alone will raise ocean levels around the world by at least 16 feet. Add that to higher sea levels caused by other melts, and you can safely expect a rise of 18 feet as a conservative estimate.

Things are not any better in the Antarctic. In a March 23, 2007, Reuters report, "Antarctic Melting May Be Speeding Up," Michael Byrnes quotes glaciologist Tas van Ommen: "There have been doomsday scenarios that west Antarctica could collapse quite quickly. And there's six meters of sea level in west Antarctica."

To be clear, that's a potential 19.7-foot rise in sea level held in the ice of west Antarctica. If it melted, the higher sea levels would be catastrophic. To get a good feel for an 18- or 19-foot increase in sea levels, imagine standing, for example, at Battery Park, the southern tip of Manhattan island. Look around, up the streets and across the park, and you'll get a good idea of how much water will cover the Wall Street area and how far up the sides of the buildings it will reach.

But don't get comfortable with 18- or 19-foot sea levels. Jim Hansen, director of the NASA Goddard Institute for Space Studies and adjunct professor of Earth and environmental sciences at Columbia University's Earth Institute, suggests—in a *New York Review of Books* article—that 80-foot higher sea levels could result if the global temperature rises five degrees Fahrenheit, causing ice melts in both Greenland and Antarctica. Historically, Hansen says, when the ice sheets begin to melt, sea levels are raised more than three feet every 20 years.

Even if the dwindling numbers of optimists are right, and Lovelock's scenario will play out later rather than sooner, if at all, there remains a lot of misery in between. Most scientists believe we can expect, at the very least, rising seas, frequent and superpowerful hurricanes, drought, water shortages, floods, crop failures and the northward spread of tropical diseases, insects and virtually every other climate-related danger imaginable. This is a best-case scenario that assumes we all work together, on an emergency basis, and significantly reduce greenhouse gas pollution, holding temperature increases to roughly two degrees Fahrenheit.

The second report of the U.N.'s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, distributed in advance of official publication by the Associated Press, gives an idea of what is coming within the next few decades.

- Hundreds of millions who now have water will not have enough of it in less than 20 years. By 2080, water shortages will threaten billions.
- By 2030, death rates from global warming-related illnesses (malaria and dengue fever, for example) will rise.
- By the 2050s, ozone-related deaths will increase by 4.5%.

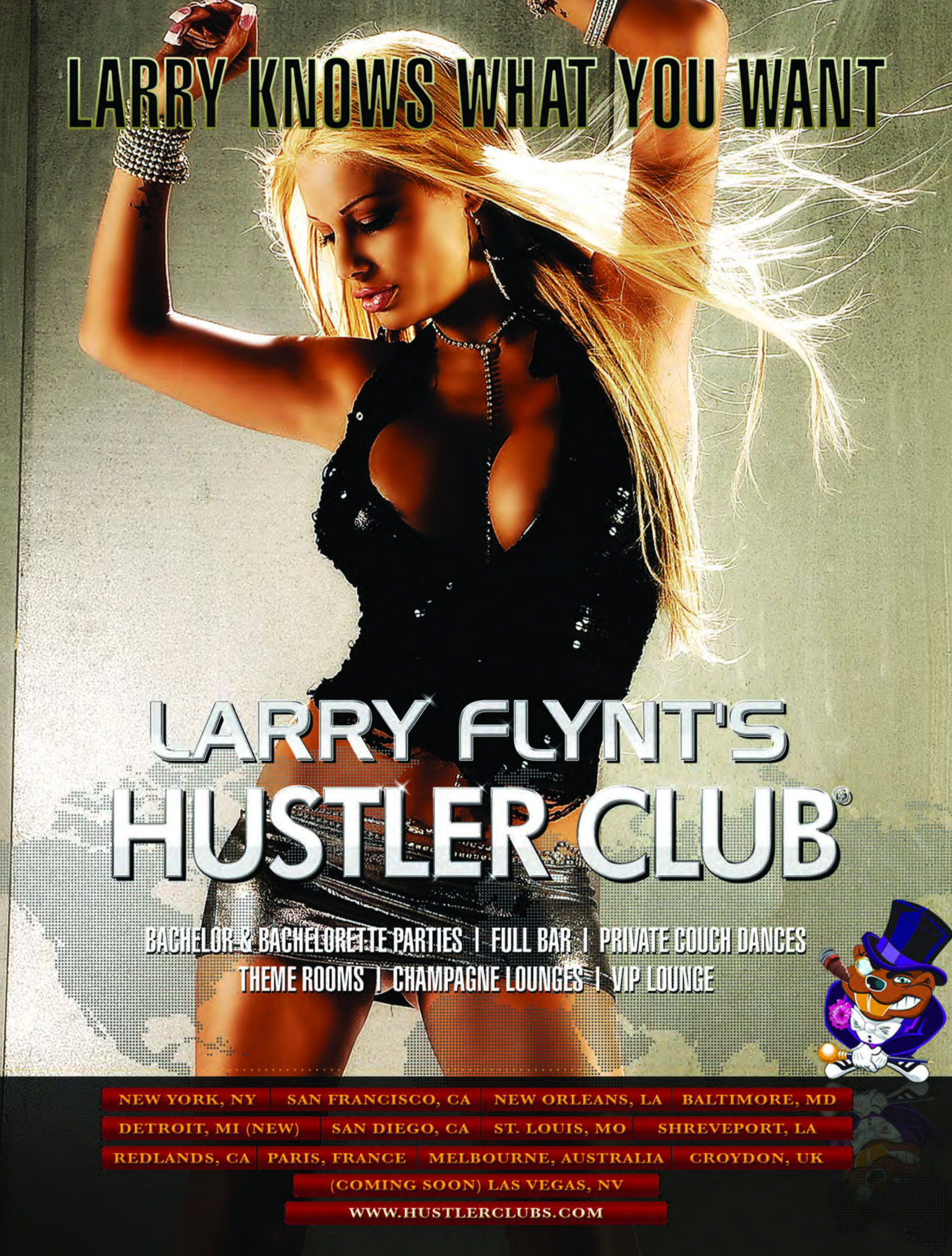
Most scientific analysis of global warming covers the big picture, the trends and the global temperature a hundred years from now, but does not (because it cannot) provide analysis of the spikes that contribute to the statistical trends. The reasons for these vast fluctuations—intense local or regional events more damaging and more life-threatening than we have experienced to date—may include heat waves, drought and high wind combinations driving gigantic wildfires; massive megastorms; water shortages; ice storms and blizzards; floods; northward-advancing tropical diseases; migrations of thirsty, starving populations; hunger- and poverty-driven wars of desperation; class warfare; and more.

In Lovelock's worst-case scenario, by the end of the century at latest, rain forests will have disappeared, along with most other vegetation. Hundreds and even thousands of species will be extinct, and humans will vanish from most of the planet. Even using the rate of warming agreed upon by conservative scientists, great catastrophes could occur at any time.

Even relatively small-scale disasters—such as Katrina or Southern California's recent firestorms—could become normal, not exotic events that are severely aggravated by the breakdown of government's ability to respond effectively. If you drown with a handful of neighbors or have to move with the rest of your town because water has run out, there's little comfort in knowing it hasn't yet happened to everyone else.

Harry Walsh is a tugboat captain and freelance journalist from Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania.

BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT NONE OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES ARE TALKING ABOUT GUN CONTROL?
YEAH! COOL, AIN'T IT?! GOD BLESS THE RICH AND POWERFUL NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION!
LOCAL REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS
J. Billette


LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE
NEW YORK, NY
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
NEW ORLEANS, LA
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)
SAN DIEGO, CA
ST. LOUIS, MO
SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA
PARIS, FRANCE
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
CROYDON, UK
(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

MEET ME IN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HICKSPHOTO

VICTORIA VALMER

PARIS!

You never forget your very first time. Neither will **Victoria**.

"I'm a very modest girl by nature, so being naked in a magazine is a very big deal," says our spanking-new discovery with the sexiest French accent imaginable. "It really isn't anything I thought I could ever be courageous enough to try. Posing gave me an incredible feeling of freedom and empowerment, and I have to admit I also liked all the attention I got from the photographer and his doting assistants. Plus, the warmth from the hot lights felt great on my bare skin."

Only 18, **Victoria** is almost virginal. "I haven't had a lot of sex so far," she confesses. "The first time was so rushed and clumsy that I thought I was doing it all wrong. It took a couple of tries to find the right lover. For me that's a strong, patient man who spends a lot of time with foreplay. I think oral pleasure is the best gift a man can give a woman, and I like to return the favor."

Alas, **Victoria** will soon be returning to France, but her much-too-brief visit to our shores was truly satisfying. “Coming to America was a wonderful experience,” the willowy beauty recalls. “There are so many new things that I am discovering. I love Los Angeles almost as much as I love my hometown. I say *almost* because nothing beats living in Paris. Both cities thrive with food, nightlife and beautiful people looking for love. Perhaps some of your readers can come visit me sometime?”

VICTORIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Paris, France
AGE: 18
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-8

THIS MAGAZINE ARTICLE SAYS FOR A GOOD SEX LIFE, YOU SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME WITH MY CLITORIS.
I WOULD IF YOUR CLIT DRANK BEER AND WATCHED FOOTBALL!

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

SHOCKING ASSAULT ON FREE SPEECH

Drew Harwell follows up on the highly publicized ordeal of University of Florida student Andrew Meyer.

For a brief shining moment 21-year-old Andrew Meyer, a senior majoring in telecommunications, was considered by many to be a First Amendment martyr. During a forum featuring Senator John Kerry (D-Massachusetts), in the University Auditorium, Meyer dared to ask the politician biting questions the mainstream media hasn't: "[T]here were multiple reports of disenfranchising of black voters on the day of the election in 2004…. [A]midst all these reports of phony, bogus stuff going on, how could you concede the election? … Didn't you want to be President?"

Holding a copy of *Armed Madhouse*, a book written by investigative reporter and frequent HUSTLER contributor Greg Palast, Meyer pressed: "If you are so against [attacking] Iran, how come you're not saying 'Let's impeach Bush now?'… Clinton was impeached, for…a blowjob, [so] why don't we impeach Bush?" Meyer proceeded to ask Kerry, "Were you a member of [Yale's] Skull & Bones in college with Bush? Were you in the same secret society as Bush?" Suddenly, the mic went dead.

Officer Nicole Mallo of the University of Florida Police Department grabbed Meyer's right arm, but the student refused to obey orders. As campus security proceeded to drag Meyer out of the auditorium, some attendees clapped, while others remained eerily silent. Some, like Alex Harper, grew alarmed and shouted at the officers. "Everyone seemed to be so nonchalant," the UF sophomore recalled. "Here this kid is getting abused by police officers, and nobody's doing a damn thing."

Meyer yelled for help, pleading, "Don't Tase me, bro!" But an officer shocked the student with the 50,000-volt jolt heard round the world. What should have been a small, forgettable question-and-answer session exploded into a nationwide media frenzy. Captured on video, the raucous scene was swiftly uploaded to YouTube and seen by millions.

The scandal shook the University of Florida campus. Within hours the first protest was planned: Students would convene at the Plaza of the Americas and march to UFPD headquarters.

The following day, 250 demonstrators flooded the plaza, toting cardboard signs with scrawled mottos, such as "Free Speech = Not a Crime" and "Taze Pigs." The students' half-mile procession, which passed the University Auditorium, was covered by many news crews.

Hundreds of UF students march through campus to denounce the harsh treatment of John Kerry inquisitor Andrew Meyer.

PHOTOS BY NICOLE SAFKER

Debate over what had happened ensued, with about 75% of the student body believing that Meyer did not deserve such hostile treatment. To these students, it was a brutal joke that up to six trained officers couldn't remove an unarmed young man from a crowded auditorium without resorting to Tasers.

Tina Steiger, a junior majoring in political science, expressed surprise at the officers' "unjustified use" of the Taser. "We were really shocked about the police brutality used on [Meyer] when he was clearly defenseless," Steiger commented, "and that his questioning in an open forum would be stopped just because it was controversial."

Junior Benjamin Dictor, a poli-sci major who led the first protest, said that the way Meyer acted, although not necessarily polite, is common in public forums and that officers used excessive force. "Poor forum etiquette is not grounds for arrest," Dictor maintained "and certainly not grounds for assault." Besides the officers' overreaction, Dictor also said he was appalled at the reaction of forum attendees who sat and watched as Meyer was forcibly restrained. Their lack of concern at the officers' free speech violations, Dictor pointed out, represented a growing nationwide "culture of suppression."

"The generation of students in that room is the generation that grew up with the USA PATRIOT Act, the Military Commissions Act, Guantanamo Bay," Dictor added.

Alex Harper, who protested Meyer's mistreatment while it was happening, agreed with Dictor. Noting that apathy toward these sorts of situations is like "letting people trample on our civil liberties," Harper declared, "People are willing to trade humanity for patriotism. We need to start standing up for ourselves."

Andrew Meyer eventually caved in to pressure and issued an apology to the University of Florida, UF President J. Bernard Machen and the school's Police Department. The inquisitive student who confronted John Kerry, only to be jolted by a Taser, won't face criminal charges if he stays out of trouble for 18 months.

Drew Harwell is a junior majoring in journalism at the University of Florida. His writing has been featured in such publications as the St. Petersburg Times, High Springs Herald and Independent Florida Alligator.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com.*

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Teagan Presley shows us where **Babysitters** come from.*

*Sophia Santi spoils the moms, while **Babysitter** Sasha Grey (above) pampers the dads.*

Babysitters

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** JESSE JANE, NAUTICA THORN, SASHA GREY, SHAY JORDAN, TEAGAN PRESLEY, SOPHIA SANTI, ALEKTRA BLUE, ANGIE SAVAGE, GINA LYNN, LEXXI TYLER, NIKKI BENZ, SAMMIE RHODES, TONY DE SERGIO, SASCHA, TYLER DURDEN, CHARLES DERA, JAY LASSITER, SCOTT NAILS, BEN ENGLISH, TOMMY GUNN & JERRY.

Talk about eye candy! Our pals at Playground trotted out their sterling lineup and then some for this goofy romp about naughty babysitters. It starts with a perfect fantasy: The top-billed fuckdoll rings a doorbell and chimes, "Hi, I'm Jesse, the babysitter." Don't spurt yet; the scene continues later. First, spunky Asian nympho Nautica Thorn drops by to babysit and ends up sitting on Dad's dick instead. Meanwhile, cocktease Sasha Grey "really needs some money" and can't get a sitting gig, so naturally she says yes to a blowbang party. (The fresh phenom has become quite the throat-fuck specialist, producing enough drool to solve California's water shortage.) And where are the wives during all this? At a Tupperware party where the goods come in dildo form and demoed by luscious Sophia Santi. As you might guess, the plotting is strictly aimed at getting fucksicles onto sticks. And by the time snotty hottie Teagan Presley strips off her blouse, you'll have to pack your dick in ice to focus on the story. How to top Teagan? Four words: Shay Jordan in pigtails. The newcummer, who didn't even have a Wikipedia listing when this flick came out, steals the show until Jesse Jane returns to display her usual fuck-me-now charisma—writhing and panting her way to the end credits. *Babysitters* belongs on a deep-space probe so that hot teen aliens will know what to do when they get here. ***—M.J.***

The better to bone you with: The Big Bad Wolf slakes Chelsie Rae's **Craving**.

Rodent removal has its perks: **Craving** wenches Brooke Haven and Kayla Carrera (assisting) pay the Pied Piper.

Fairy tail: Jessica Drake lays open her magical book in **The Craving**.

The Craving

WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** BRAD ARMSTRONG. **STARRING:** JESSICA DRAKE, BROOKE HAVEN, CHELSIE RAE, KAYLA CARRERA, CHRIS CANNON, JOEY RAY, JUSTIN MAGNUM, TYLER KNIGHT & BRAD ARMSTRONG.

Wicked's costumey new cuddle-porn epic is so lavish, tacky and sticky sweet, it looks like a bomb went off at a pastry competition. Storyteller Jessica Drake leads us through hard-core renditions of a half-dozen fairy tales populated by buxom, comely lasses and well-hung heroes. Beware, this is strictly Porn Sex 101, so a fleeting instance of cum-swapping is as filthy as it gets. At least Chelsie Rae as Little Red Riding Hood lets the Big Black Wolf fuck her in the ass. Speaking of bestial, Wicked even hired wranglers for the supporting contingent of rats, horses, wolves and frogs. As usual, Armstrong shoots for Hollywood production values, but that too often means a glut of gauzy soft-focus shots and arty editing. The saving grace is that *The Craving* doesn't take itself too seriously, and frog-smooching Drake's corny acting gets more endearing as the movie goes on. In all, this flick is a gorgeously packaged, if moderately arousing, heart-shaped box for horny couples. Drake's charming personality also shines in the behind-the-scenes featurette as she details the perils of thorny vines, hot wax and working with amphibians. If overdone decadence is what you crave on Valentine's Day, *The Craving* should be your guilty pleasure. **—M.J.**

Eden *creations Carmen Luvana and Courtney Cummz emerge from the ocean and split an Adam (below).*

Evan Valentine soaks up some paradise.

Ava Rose tastes Bree Olson's garden of ***Eden****.*

Eden

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** DANIEL DAKOTA. **STARRING:** CARMEN LUVANA, BREE OLSON, AVA ROSE, COURTNEY CUMMZ, EVAN VALENTINE, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, JEAN VAL JEAN & JERRY.

What took Adam & Eve this long to make a XXXer called *Eden*? Who cares? It pulled out all the stops for this three-and-a-half-hour, couples-friendly valentine. Opening with breathtaking aerial shots, director Dakota dishes out a nonstop cornucopia of Hawaii's azure waters and lush landscapes. Quickly forgiven is the flimsy *Fantasy Island* premise (originality is not what this flick is about) once Carmen Luvana kicks off an extended ode to fucking in the great outdoors, hugging a tree while the breeze and a stiff cock buffet her bare ass. Carmen is a goddess (her later girl/girl scene in the surf and boy/girl on a bobbing sailboat are boob-jiggling joys), but Bree Olson is arguably the film's Eve: clumsy, naive and sex-starved like a babe who just ate the apple of carnal knowledge. Backed by crashing waves, Bree's sun-drenched anal pounding will make you shed tears about mankind's expulsion from paradise—or at least send you running to the nearest travel office. We won't spoil the ending, but it's a neat little movie homage worth sticking around for. Disc 2's behind-the-scenes featurette shows what you'd expect: a bunch of spoiled porn stars having a stupidly great time on a "working" vacation. Well, at least one or two of the nymphets got seasick, so life is fair after all. ***—M.J.***

Boosting ratings: Katherine Hymen (Katie Morgan) and Sandra Ho (Kaiya Lynn) get **Spunk'd.**

Spunk'd the Movie

6969 ENTERTAINMENT/IVD. **DIRECTOR:** JUSTIN KANE. **STARRING:** HILLARY SCOTT, AURORA SNOW, DRU BARRYMORE, EVA ANGELINA, GINGER LEA, JADA FIRE, KAIYA LYNN, KATIE MORGAN, KELLY BROOX, LEXI BELLE, MIKAYLA, PENNY FLAME, VANESSA LANE, MARCOS LEON, TRENT SOLURI, STEVEN ST. CROIX, EVAN STONE, RON JEREMY, NICK MANNING, DICK NASTY & HERSCHEL SAVAGE.

Guess what TV show this flick is spoofing? In director Justin Kane's fun-spirited shot at porn fame (he gambled six figures of his own cash on this), Gashton Cootcher sets up a bunch of phony celebs played by big-name XXX chicks, including a pre-superstar Hillary Scott and chocolate powerhouse Jada Fire. Every prank ends with Gashton "spunking" the target's face, which gets repetitive and annoying—just like the real MTV hit! The high point might be a double cum-splattered Hillary announcing, "We're the Holeson Twins, and we just got spunk'd!" Or maybe it's bloated old Ron Jeremy telling corny jokes and Gashton saying, "You used to be funnier." Amen to that. Spoiler alert! Gashton eventually gets his comeuppance from none other than a squirting Dumi Moore (Dru Barrymore), before spunking the old bitch back. The finale punks the ingrate leaders of our idiocracy: the Decider and his puppeteer Cheney drain their sacks on Cumdoleezza Rice (Jada Fire) with the Bushism "There's nothing prettier than a hot white load on the face of a Negress." Yep, that sounds like something Bush would say. The scene, which gets even more depraved from there, would be historic if the spunk bath were real. Overall, Kane's debut reel is crammed with fucked-up, frat-boy fun. In other words, it's the perfect fodder for all you knuckle-draggers out there. *—M.J.*

PORN'S NEW PRANKSTER

Director Kane with spunky stars Penny Flame and Marcos Leon.

MAKING YOUR OWN DAMN FUCK FLICK SOUNDS EASY ENOUGH—AND SOMETIMES IT IS! *SPUNK'D* WRITER-DIRECTOR **JUSTIN KANE** TELLS US HOW TO CRANK OUT PREMIUM SMUT WITHOUT SCREWING IT UP.

HUSTLER: How did you get into porn?

JUSTIN KANE: I saw a posting on Craigslist for a porn producer, so I jumped at it and got the job. Then I was hanging out with some friends one night, throwing out ideas for porn spoofs, and came up with *Spunk'd*. It seemed too good *not* to make.

Where did you find all that top-notch talent?

That was just a matter of finding out who the agents were and booking the actors. I met Ron Jeremy at a Fourth of July party, pitched him the idea, and he said, "Sure, I'll do your movie!"

What was the biggest obstacle?

Finding a good distributor. We shot everything in four days and spent four months on post-production, but we had to shop it around town for several months after that. We finally landed a deal with IVD just in time to compete for the *AVN* Awards.

What was the biggest surprise?

How good the acting was. People told me I could never make a fuck flick with this much dialogue because porn actors wouldn't be able to pull it off. Those people were dead wrong.

Suck it up: Lindsay Blowhan (Penny Flame) falls for the security strip prank.

How did you handle being around horny, naked chicks all day?

It's frustrating because you're right there seeing these hot chicks bone some other dude—and it's not you! And worse yet, you're paying *him* for it!

What's your advice to people who want to do what you did?

Just make sure your idea and movie are unique enough to stand out from the thousands of porn flicks that get made every year.

For more information, check out SpunkdTheMovie.com. *—M.J.*

Freakaholics Erika Vution and Misti Love (right) raid the props department.

Amile Waters and a corked Cassidy Clay crash a meeting of **Freakaholics** Anonymous.

Freakaholics #2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ALEXANDER DEVOE. **STARRING:** MISTI LOVE, CANDICE NICOLE, SANDI JACKMAN, AMILE WATERS, CASSIDY CLAY, MELROSE FOXXX, GEN TILLY, ERIKA VUTION, GIANA, JEAN-CLAUDE BATISTE, L.T., MR. MARCUS, BRIAN PUMPER, BIG SID, NAT TURNHER & ALEXANDER DEVOE.

In the lingo, a freak is a chick who loves sex so much, she'll let you fuck her in the ass dressed up like Oprah Winfrey at a fetish convention. Unfortunately, scenes like that ain't in this two-disc movie. Misti Love's opener is a by-the-numbers outing that pops off before any anal happens. Not too freaky yet, folks. Cute Candice Nicole keeps a naked dude in a cage until she wants to get banged. Once freed, he keeps it so tame, you'd swear he was falling in love. Freak meter still at zero! Sandi Jackman suffers from a kidnap fetish, a lopsided boobjob and a bad wig, but you'd still fuck her. And you'd do it wilder than this. Melrose Foxxx is the Disc 1 standout, and it ain't because she's so light, the bottoms of her feet match the rest of her. It's because she's cute as sin and blindfolded. (It's refreshing to watch a porn chick have to search for the dick.) Disc 2 is where the black gold is, opening with mischievous pixie Amile Waters wandering from set to set looking for fun. Amile puts more into her performance than all the other ladies combined, even providing a few squirts for good measure. The finale has slammin'-hot Erika Vution demanding sex at gunpoint from her hostage. If you like black booty, you'll gladly spend some spunk on these gals. Just don't expect them to stretch the definition of freaky. ***—M.J.***

*Work sucks: Valentine vixens Justine Joli, Isabella and Dominica Leoni (above) prove that **Strippers Need Love Too.***

Strippers Need Love Too

CAL VISTA PICTURES/METRO INTERACTIVE. **DIRECTOR:** RED EZRA. **STARRING:** KELLY ERIKSON, ISABELLA, JUSTINE JOLI, KODY COXX, DOMINICA LEONI, JENNIFER LUV, CRISSY MORAN, TOMMY GUNN, ALEX SANDERS, STEVEN ST. CROIX, BARRETT BLADE & HERSCHEL SAVAGE.

To be honest, we included this flick in our Valentine's issue because it has the word *love* in the title. (How often does that happen in porn?) Kelly Erikson plays a bump 'n' grind gal who's tired of earning a buck at a time, so she considers online porn. For some reason her pimp boss tries to discourage her, and later his kid sister decides to strip, which causes more problems. As *Strippers* grinds on, we meet more self-exploiting chicks making bad choices on that pitiless road called desperation. Sure, they've got great tits and asses, but these are women looking for something better than lap dancing and anal fucking for a fat tip, and they deserve it. Okay, let's can the sarcasm for a second. We see plenty of standard fucking and pole-dancing, but why are the dressing room scenes with the awkward, heartfelt dialogue more interesting? Weird. It's almost like watching *Showgirls*. Okay, it's not *that* bad. There's probably a decent movie buried in here about the conflict between showing all your goodies to strangers and seeking true love. Or at least a great stroke flick. Unfortunately, neither really emerges. Still, the chicks are nice, and if they don't make you hard, it's probably because you already whacked off to *Babysitters*. ***—M.J.***

Cosette and Isabella (below) are gonna flip out when **Ex-Boyfriends Revenge** hits the shelves.

Happy 18th! **Barely Legal** debutantes Aubrey Addams and Kaylee Love Cox (below) get some **Oral Education**.

Ex-Boyfriends Revenge

FUCKYOUCASH/JM PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** STARK. **STARRING:** ISABELLA SUMMERS, NADIA NITRO, COSETTE ANGEL, JESSICA VALENTINO, MICAH MOORE, TRENT SOLURI, MARCOS LEON, JUSTIN MAGNUM, JUSTIN SYDER & BARRY SCOTT.

Think of this movie as an anti-valentine: This is what happens when good love goes bad. The box cover claims *Ex-Boyfriends Revenge* is "dedicated to exposing real ex-girlfriends." Yeah, right. On the other hand, when's the last time you were outraged because your porn wasn't completely believable? Supposedly the filmmaker just strung together tapes of real ex-girlfriends that their exes sent after the breakup. That means most of it had to look like amateur point-of-view stuff. The idea seems to be shoot it, then run it through some post-production process to make it look extra crappy. Presto, authenticity! Plus, the girls are all lazy fucks who mostly moan and squeal like they're just passing the time until they can get back to maxing out your credit card. Just like real girlfriends! The best vignettes are arguably Nadia Nitro on a couch and Micah Moore screwing in a kitchen, unless you dig spoiled blondes, in which case you'll be whacking off to Cosette Angel. Since these are all pros playing ditzy girlfriends, you got to at least give the female cast credit for keeping it naïve and not slipping into screaming, full-tilt porn-slut mode. Looks like those acting classes finally paid off! ***—M.J.***

Barely Legal Oral Education

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** RICHARD DE MONTFORT. **STARRING:** BREE OLSON, KAYLEE LOVE COX, ISABELLA PACINO, AUBREY ADDAMS, EMMA CUMMINGS, TABITHA JAMES, JAMIE ELLE, TRINITY POST, BELLE BOND, LIV WYLDER, KACI STARR, KELLY LEIGH, LEXI BELLE, JENNER, LEE STONE, JAY HUNTINGTON, ALAN STAFFORD, OTTO BAUER, MARK WOOD, JEREMY HOLMES & MANUEL FERRERA.

If, like me, your gaze tends to linger upon the cute faces, luscious lips and wicked grins of hot young sluts as they slurp on a big fat cock, and your interest wanes once the dude blocks your view of her womanly charms with his burly man-ass and unwashed taint so he can jackhammer away mechanically, not even noticing the bored look in her eyes, then *Barely Legal Oral Education* is for you. Blowjob fans literally get two movies for the price of one. Every scene from *Barely Legal Straight A Students* and *Barely Legal 18th Birthday Party #2* is here, only they've been pared down to the bare essentials—blowjobs and cum-shots. You get a baker's dozen of hotties ranging from the surprisingly buxom Bree Olson, Jamie Elle and Kaylee Love Cox to the unbelievably cute Aubrey Addams, Liv Wylder and Lexi Belle. Best of all, they're all world-class cocksuckers. There's plenty of deep-throating, face-fucking, ball-licking and wet 'n' wild action, including a titty-fuck and a couple of threeways. Meanwhile, the director mixes things up with a variety of camera angles, positions and techniques.The transitions from B.J. to money-shot are seamlessly spliced so you don't miss a beat. *Barely Legal Oral Education* is squarely aimed at the orally fixated, but if you like what you see, check out Richard De Montfort's excellent *Barely Legal* features. ***—Kevin Wright***

REALITY SUCKS... AND FUCKS!

America's Next Hot Porn Star Heats Up Pay-Per-View

Kirsten Price

Sienna West

IT HAD TO HAPPEN SOMETIME. A reality program called *America's Next Hot Porn Star* has finally hit pay-per-view.

Why do we care? For starters, Wicked Pictures' contract bombshell Kirsten Price hosts and co-judges along with pornmeister Jules Jordan and power agent Derek Hay. "I'm the show's Paula Abdul," Kirsten jokes.

To boot, producer Jason Bane kindly tossed some tough competition into the pack of 12 contestants that includes stunner Audrey Bitoni and fresh-as-a-daisy Holly West.

"I did just a couple of porn scenes before this, so I'm very new!" Holly reveals. "They picked the girls based on looks, enthusiasm and desire to be the biggest name in the business, which I definitely have!"

When it came to judging, Kirsten admits she relied on her insider's eye. "I know what it's like to be in the business, so I used that perspective," she explains. "Looks are the first thing, of course, but I was also looking for how the girls interacted with their partners and how comfortable they were having sex in front of a camera."

Only one doll will win the $10,000 prize and an open door to the industry's top tier. There's little doubt that Holly will be one of the hotties to beat. But who does she think is her closest rival? "I would definitely say Audrey Bitoni!" Holly chirps. "She's great to work with and a real sweetheart."

Kirsten wouldn't let us coax out any spoilers, but she did mention that her personal favorite took the prize. "I picked the winner!" the juicy judge boasts. "And she definitely stood out from the rest by far."

For more, check out **AmericasNextHotPornStar.com**.

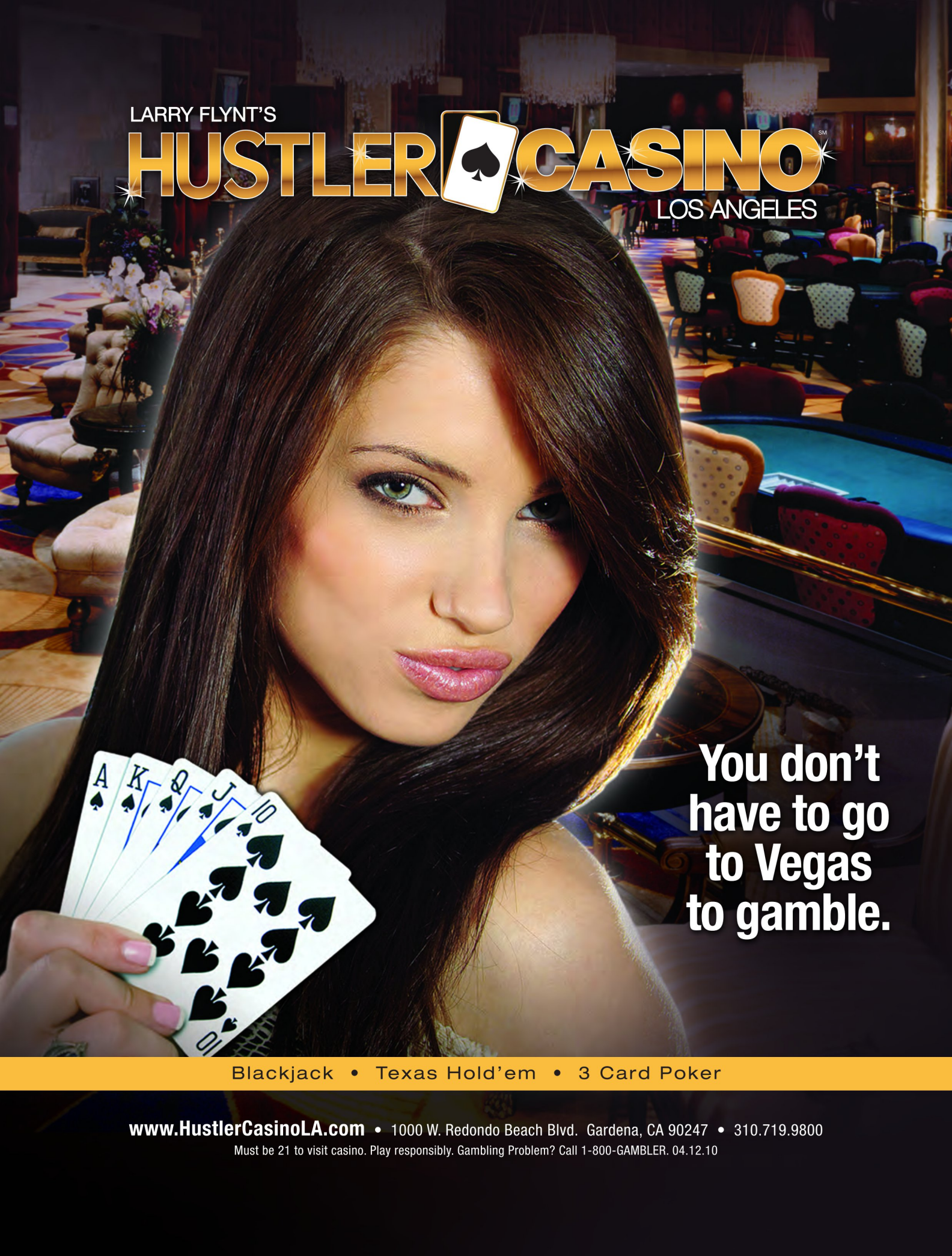
—M.J.

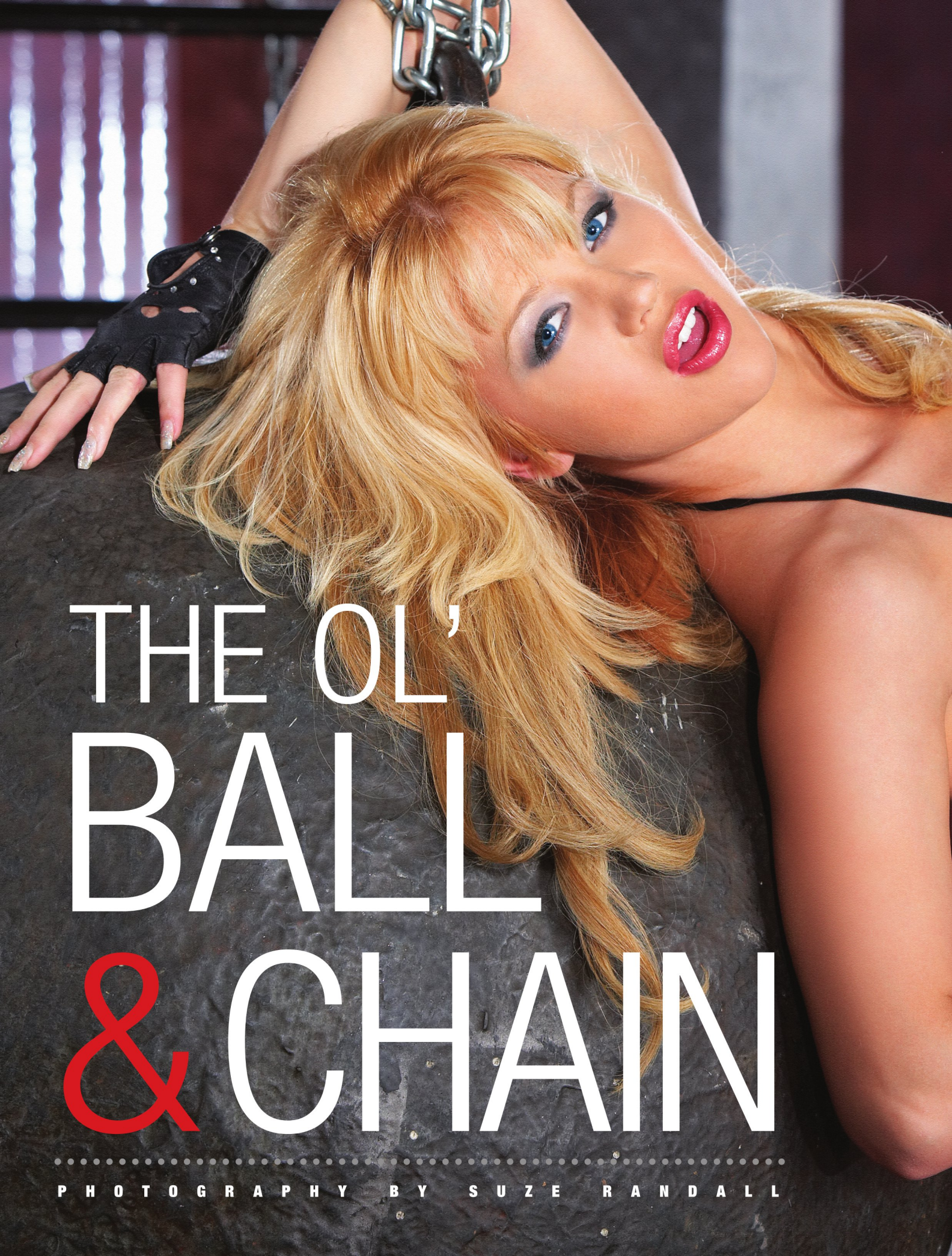
Holly West

Kylee Reese

Audrey Bitoni

McKenzee Miles


LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CASINO
LOS ANGELES
You don't have to go to Vegas to gamble.
Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker
www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800
Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 04.12.10



THE OL' BALL & CHAIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

KATARINA KAT & JUSTIN MAGNUM

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF SOCIAL DISTORTION'S "BALL & CHAIN."

Well, he's been with this here chick
for a few months too long.
He wants to fuck all day.
She doesn't always go along.
Now he's got her chained down tight.
Things are going to be okay.
A little afternoon bondage.
Now it's time to play.

Gonna lay, gonna lay.
Gonna lay his ball and chain.
Have her moaning and a-groaning,
giving pleasure mixed with pain.
Gonna lay, gonna lay, gonna la-a-a-ay.
Gonna lay his ball and chain.

So if you got yourself a cold girlfriend
or maybe a frigid wife,
Try working in some bondage
in the bedroom, in your love life.
When she's tied up, and she's squirming,
quickly stick it in.
She'll be moaning and smiling.
Let the games begin.

Gonna lay, gonna lay.
Gonna lay his ball and chain.
Have her moaning and a-groaning,
giving pleasure mixed with pain.
Gonna lay, gonna lay, gonna la-a-a-ay.
Gonna lay his ball and chain.

Catch Katarina Kat having a ball in *HUSTLER'S Real College Girls #13* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

LELA STAR

OVEREXPOSED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

We love a dirty girl with a dirty mouth, but when this perky coquette picked up the phone for a brief chitchat, she exceeded our expectations.

Lela, first off, please tell us what we need to know.

I love to fuck! That should answer any question anyone throws my way. Why do I pose nude? How did I get into porn? Why do I do what I do? Because I love to fuck! I never get tired of getting off. Maybe it's because I'm a Cuban-American. You know that most Latinas are hot-blooded.

Is sex in your private life much different from what it's like when shooting a XXX flick?

There are less people…sometimes. And maybe a little less lighting. I can't say that there isn't a camera, because there often is. I have a great collection of my own homemade porn that I won't let the public see.

What do you prefer when getting it on?

I love men with huge cocks! Nothing beats a delicious, plump sausage. I also like a woman with a hot mouth who's willing to lick and lap me until she tastes *my* sweet cream.

Finally, tell us your thoughts on posing nude for HUSTLER.

I have always gotten off on the fact that somebody is looking at my films and magazine spreads and is getting turned on. Just the thought of that makes me wet. I hope once your readers get a taste of me, they'll become hungry for more and check out my Web site.

LELA'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Naples, Florida
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Gemini
HEIGHT: 5-0

See Lela Star raise the bar in *Barely Legal Corrupted #8*, *Barely Legal 18th Birthday* and *Pin Up Honeys #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.